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"WE think our fathers fools, so wise we grow ;  
Our wiser sons perchance will think us so"  
POPE.

NOTES OF THE WEEK.

While waiting for the next phase of the offensive, the Allies have been successful in several useful pieces of work which have improved their position and reduced the moral of the enemy, who is being perpetually harassed. During the week-end our men, advancing nearly a mile on a front of three and a half miles, cleared the ground east of Nieppe Forest up to a more satisfactory line and took more than 400 prisoners, and south of the Aisne the French, in a surprise attack, captured 1,200 Germans, and gained possession of several strong points including the ravine of Cutry. The Americans have learnt quickly the ways of modern warfare, and have beaten the Germans back in the region of Chateau Thierry, storming the village of Vaux and neighbouring woods.

The Italians have gained another big haul of prisoners on the Piave and are continuing their successes by attacking in the region of the mountains. They have stormed in spite of stubborn resistance Monte di Val Bella, the Col del Rosso, and the Col d'Echele, so that a descent into the plains by this way is barred. The Austrians have officially admitted losses running to six figures, and are hardly likely to resume a big offensive for some time to come without outside help. And we know the German maxim, "Austria must bleed."

The hospital ship *Llandoverly Castle* was torpedoed by an enemy submarine in revolting circumstances. Of her crew of 258 there is only one boat-load of 24 survivors. The submarine captain raised a false plea that there were eight American flight officers on board. This was denied, and could have been proved by investigation. The Canadian medical officer hauled on board the submarine was so roughly treated that a bone in his leg was broken. The submarine subsequently opened fire at an "unseen target," which may have been the missing boats. There is no excuse for this outrage. The Friends of Humanity who are

always making excuses for the kindly Germans will find it difficult to explain it. The rest of the world knows their bestial behaviour, and will not forget it.

Kerensky, having escaped from his Bolsheviks in disguise, turned up at the Labour Conference in London, and has now gone to Paris, so the papers say. Before proceeding to exalt Kerensky on a pedestal, and listening to his speeches as the oracles of a prophet—as we generally do when a notoriety appears in our midst from beyond the seas—it would be as well to ascertain what was his exact part in the Russian Revolution. What hand, for instance, had he in forcing Miliukof, Rodzianko, and Prince Lvof, the leaders of the Constitutional or Duma party, into retiring and handing over the country to the extremists? Is it true, again, as has been alleged, that Kerensky invited General Korniloff to Petrograd to help him in maintaining order, and that he then betrayed the soldier to the Bolsheviks?

Kerensky is obviously anxious to be sent back to restore order, and rescue Russia from Germany. But why should it be supposed that he would succeed in doing anything of the kind? Has he any authority or supporters left in his own country? There are, or were, in Russia some five political parties, each with sub-divisions: namely, the Social Democrats (with Maximalists, Minimalists, and Plekhanofites); the Revolutionary Socialists (with left, centre, and right sections); the Labour or Soviet party; the Duma or Liberal Constitutional party; and the Imperialist or Tsarist party. Kerensky was the leader of the Soviet party: is he so still? To us he appears as the conventional type of revolutionary theorist, who having instigated others to blow up the political fabric, wrings his hands over the ruins, and runs away.

Dr. E. J. Dillon's article in the *Fortnightly Review* is very unpleasant reading, because it is true. Dr. Dillon has lived a large part of his life in the Ukraine; he speaks Ruthenian, the language of the Little Russians; he was a professor at one of the Ukrainian Universities, and for some time the editor of a newspaper. It will hardly be believed, but the Government have never consulted him, though he has indirectly offered his services. The Government, when the Germans had quite got hold of the Ukraine, conceived the brilliant idea of despatching a political mission to rescue the Little Russians from the grip of Germany. They chose as emissaries men who could not speak a word of the language, who knew not a soul in the country, and they applied to Dr. Dillon for letters of introduction! They spent some public money amongst men who they afterwards learned were German agents! Such is British Propaganda.

This is quite of a piece with the Government's Russian policy, or rather want of policy. To a Government saturated with corruption and tottering on the brink of destruction our statesmen promised Constantinople, and thus alienated at one stroke Greece and Bulgaria. To help the Tsar and his Stürmers and Protopopoffs to get Constantinople, the Government sacrificed thousands of lives on the Gallipoli expeditions. Having promised Constantinople to the Tsar, it was obviously the British game to keep the

Tsar on the throne. Having failed to keep the Tsar on the throne, the next chance of the Entente Powers was to support Miliukoff and the Constitutionalists. Mr. Lloyd George and the French Ministers allowed themselves to be deluded by the talk of Kerensky, who after a brief reign of luxury, opened the door to the Bolsheviks. Is it possible that our Government are about to be hoodwinked a second time?

In 1917 Mr. Lloyd George invited us to admire Kerensky, whom he actually called "The St. Just of the Russian Revolution"! Has the Prime Minister the faintest idea who or what St. Just was? If Mr. Lloyd George has not read any history of the French Revolution, he might at least keep a private secretary who has. St. Just was a solemn cut-throat, Robespierre's right-hand man, who has been rescued from infamous oblivion by the witticism of Camille Desmoulins, who said that he (St. Just) "carried his head like the Saint Sacrement." Have the Entente Governments even now any Russian policy? Have they asked the opinions of those who have been in Russia? Russia may either be broken up into two or three republican states; or rehabilitated under one central government, republican or imperial. If Russia is to be broken up, then, as Dr. Dillon points out, the border states must lean on Germany or Austria.

Mr. MacCallum Scott, M.P., the Boswell of Mr. Churchill, has written a silly and ignorant tirade against the Foreign Office in the *Sunday Pictorial*. Everybody who knows the facts is perfectly aware that, had the blockade at the beginning of the war not been conducted with great tact and elasticity, call it laxity if you like, the United States would have turned against us. Before the sinking of the 'Lusitania' the feeling in America was about equally divided, partly owing to the old historical hatred of England and partly to a vigorous German propaganda. As for the manners and etiquette of our diplomatists, at whom Mr. Scott sneers, the result of turning Glasgow "bodies" and bumptious provincials into the F.O. would be that England would never be out of war: we should live in "a blaze of apology." Disraeli pointed out the mistake of sending social outsiders to foreign embassies: "They speak to nobody, and nobody speaks to them."

Some of the uninterned Germans, who are just now being hunted by excited patriots, are at large for a very good reason—they are in the pay of the police. Spying is congenial in the German character: it is hardly an exaggeration to say that every German is a born spy: and the brand of espionage which they love best and in which they most excel is spying upon one another. Not only Scotland Yard, but the Secret Intelligence departments of the War Office, the Admiralty, and the Foreign Office are well aware of the advantage of setting a German to catch a German. They could, "an if they would," also tell us that the most dangerous spies are not Germans. As a rule the German Jew is quite harmless, comfort being his god: not so the German connected with "high-born" or official families; he is sometimes a fanatic. The number of Germans at large who are not under the eye of, and perfectly known to the police, is, we should say, inconsiderable.

We extract the following sentence from a leading article in *The Star*: "In looking at these splendid women to-day, it is desirable that we should do a little reflection on the problem of what is to become of them after the war. They will object to retire from the places they have won in industry when peace comes and go back to dish washing and floor scrubbing." The "splendid women" are presumably the munition workers, who are certainly receiving splendid wages, and are having "the time of their lives." Do we not cant abominably about women who consent to work for their brothers and husbands and sons at the front in consideration of very high wages? Why are they splendid? Their men folk are risking their lives for a

shilling a day, while the women remain at home, and certainly do not weep on six or seven shillings a day. Women who do voluntary work are in a different category, and are splendid enough.

But this leading article from a democratic organ touches a very delicate and dangerous problem. The splendid women will not go back to dish washing and floor scrubbing. But somebody must wash dishes and scrub floors, unless we are to relapse into the semi-barbarism of the backwoods. Perhaps the splendid women will force their disabled brothers and husbands to wash dishes and scrub floors—we should not be surprised. Every community is at some period of its existence faced with the awkward question, who is to do the dirty work? In the societies of the ancient world domestic service was done by the slaves; and in mediæval and modern states it has been done by men and women who were not ashamed to do necessary, if humble, jobs in return for moderate wages and comfortable homes. But the divine afflatus of democracy has blown away all the nonsense of kindliness, and we must get Mrs. C. S. Peel and Miss Clementina Black to organise companies for the supply of "dailies" on strictly contractual lines.

The rift in the Labour party is widening, and we can discern the line of cleavage. It is the old quarrel between theorists and realists. Mr. Henderson, despite his meek manners and sleek appearance, is a thorough-paced theoretical revolutionary, who is supplied with words and ideas by Mr. Sidney Webb and the Fabians on the one hand, and by Messrs. Ponsonby, Snowden, and Ramsay Macdonald, on the other. As Mr. Henderson has accepted publicly the Kerensky kiss, we may assume that he accepts the views and principles of the Russian Soviet party. Indeed, unless our memory betrays us, Mr. Henderson has advocated Bolshevism without the bloodshed. Against all this internationalist rant of anarchy appears the realist and muscular common-sense of Mr. Havelock Wilson and others, who stand for the old Trades Union ideal, and the boycott of Germans.

The ultimate aims of these two Labour parties are as far apart as the poles. The international Socialists, the Henderson-cum Kerensky-cum Sidney Webb-cum Ramsay Macdonald party, are anxious to close the war in order to clear the stage for themselves and their great State-Collectivist policy, by which the State shall own and manage everything. The hard-gritted Trades Unionists want to establish Syndicalism (the anti-thesis of Socialism), the system by which groups of Trades Unionists shall seize—"convey the wise it call"—the leading industries, and manage them for their own profit, commandeering the capital in the banks. Whether the Collectivists or the Syndicalists will win depends, as usual, on the huge indeterminate masses floating between them. On only one point are both parties agreed, that from those who have money shall be taken all that they have.

The eight Labour Members of the Government, Messrs. Barnes, Clynes, Roberts, Hodge, Brace, and the rest, may be trusted to stand by the older Trade Unionists and the Government. Being men of common-sense and real patriotism, they have little or nothing in common with the International Pacifists. Indeed the pacifists of the Independent Labour party and the Fabians are quite a negligible factor. The war is very popular with the working classes. The views of the working-woman, to whom Mr. Long and the Speaker have given a vote, are tersely expressed by a comic contemporary—"What, twenty-one shillings a week and no husband to keep! Why, this war is too good to last!" The working-man prefers £4 a week and doubled cost of living to £2 a week and cheap living: he has the pleasure and dignity of handling the money. The upper class is, in all countries, too small to matter. The one class marked down for plunder and persecution is called by the Russians the "burjui."



The Miners continue to levy blackmail upon the community; and to judge from their success there is no reason why they should ever stop, and why, in consequence, coal should not rise to £5 a ton. On the 29th July the Prime Minister met the Executive of the Miners Federation and conceded the full amount of their demand for an advance of 1s. 6d. a day for workers over 16 and 9d. a day for boys under 16. The advance is exactly the same as that conceded last September, and means an addition of £17,000,000 to the wage-bill of British collieries, which must of course be followed by a rise in the price to the consumer. At the same time 10,000 miners are out on strike at a group of collieries in the Castleford district, near Doncaster, over a question of allowances to wives and dependents, which means a loss of output of 10,000 tons daily. O rare patriots!

Mr. Justice Sankey's decision, that in cases where dividends are received tax-free (i.e., when the company pays the income-tax in a lump sum instead of deducting it from individual warrants), super-tax is chargeable on the dividend plus the income tax at the basic rate, is the logical and inevitable interpretation of the law. It is a grossly unjust method of taxation to make a man pay tax on income which he has not received. When the income-tax was moderate in amount the injustice was submitted to in silence: but with an income-tax of 6s. in the £, the swindle is too glaring to be maintained. Take the case of a man with £4,000 a year, who only receives of that £2,800, the 6s. being deducted. He has to pay super-tax on his income between £2,500 and £4,000, that is upon £1,200 a year which he has not received. The Government can find time for franchise bills, Home Rule bills, public health bills, educational bills; but it cannot find time to put the income tax on a fair basis.

Sir Lionel Phillips, in his interesting speech to the Central Mining Company, proposes that the Government should revise the agreement it made at the beginning of the war with the producers of gold, because of the alteration in the value of money. Sixty-three per cent. of the world's gold is produced in the British Empire, and as nearly all the other thirty-seven per cent. is produced in and used by the United States, it need not concern us. The Government agreed to buy the total output of gold at the rate of £4 5s. per ounce of fine gold, that is, £3 17s. 9d. per ounce of standard or bullion gold, which contains a percentage of silver, extracted by the refiner. But 85s. at the beginning of the war means to-day in purchasing power, i.e., measured in commodities, somewhere between 30 and 50 per cent. less, say (at the lower figure), 57s. per ounce.

While the real price to the producer has therefore fallen, the cost of production has increased owing to the rise in the price of materials, food, and labour. It is probably not an exaggeration to say that the producer's receipt is about half the pre-war figure. Sir Lionel Phillips does not suggest, as we understand him, that the price of standard gold should be raised above £3 17s. 9d., as such a change would involve confusion in exchange transactions. What he proposes, we believe, is that the Government should pay to the producer, by way of bonus or supplement, the difference between the original agreed price of 85s. and the price he could have got for his gold if he had been free to sell it in the best market. How to strike that price by a comparison of the different prices of gold in non-enemy markets is a nice problem, but it ought not to be insuperable.

The determination of democracy to drag everybody down to the same level is characteristically exhibited in the clause of the Education Bill which prohibits the payment of fees in any primary school. Why a parent who wishes to pay fees should be forbidden to do so is explained—it is contrary to the doctrine of social equality. It may be true that the teaching in the schools where fees are paid is no better than in the

others, though we don't know why we should accept Mr. Fisher's *ipse dixit* on the point. But parents pay fees that their children may have better associates. To this Mr. Fisher's reply is extraordinary. Since the medical inspection instituted in 1907, schools are cleaner than they were, and "the pressure of parents who had clean, good homes was an important factor in the improvement of schools." So that respectable parents of the better class are to be forced to send their children to the common school in order to reform the manners of the Street Arabs!

The French have a proverb that revenge is a dish which is best eaten cold. The Speaker has had to wait about a year to "get back on" Mr. Justice Darling, but he has done it at last. In the first Billing trial, about a twelvemonth ago, Mr. Justice Darling, in replying Mr. Billing's exuberance, said: "Be quiet; you are not in the House of Commons." Last Monday, the Speaker, in calling Mr. Billing to order for brawling, said: "Order, order: you are not in a Court of Law." That is as good a repartee of the *tu quoque* order as we remember.

Although many knew for some time past that Lord Rhondda's recovery was impossible, the news of his death, at the age of 62, has come as a shock to the public, and has caused genuine sorrow. There is always something that touches the popular imagination in the death of a great public servant when in the middle of his task. D. A. Thomas, as he was known to the last political generation, sat a great many years in the House of Commons without taking part in its debates. He was one of the small and brilliant band of young Welshmen, of whom Mr. Lloyd George, Mr. Samuel Evans and Mr. Tom Ellis the Whip, were the leaders. Thomas was known to be interested in coal, and that was all. Twenty years later, all his successes were crowded into the last four or five years of his life.

D. A. Thomas became immensely rich by a brilliant series of what the Americans call "mergers," that is, by combination and amalgamations of financial concerns, not, at the end, confined to coal. He escaped as a survivor from the sinking of the "Lusitania;" he was made a peer; and he succeeded Lord Devonport as Food Controller. Lord Devonport was supposed to have (as he no doubt had) an expert knowledge of provisions, and Lord Rhondda knew about coal. But Lord Rhondda had what Lord Devonport lacked, the faculty of working smoothly with and getting the most out of other people. He even succeeded in making the office of Food Controller popular, so industrious and courteous he was, and so evidently sincere in his determination to do his best. All feel as if they have lost a personal friend. His name will probably be dug out by some future Macaulay as the hero of several popular rhymes, mostly ending with: "There's something (or nothing) Lord Rhondda can't ration."

It is time that a law was passed to enable the Post-Master-General to deal with the disgusting, but increasing, nuisance of the obscene post-card. Any man or woman who does any salient act, which excites dislike or disapproval in any section of the public, is liable to be deluged with post-cards containing the most filthy abuse that can be conceived by low and depraved minds. What a painful revelation of national character and of the results of universal education! It is, of course, impossible to discover the writers: but the district post-offices might be provided with male censors who should be authorised by the Post Master General to destroy at once these emanations of diseased frenzy. It is not only the annoyance to the persons attacked, but the demoralisation of the members of their household, that should be prevented. The Post Master General is allowed by the existing law to open letters (we are not alluding to the exceptional powers conferred by "Dora"), chiefly on the ground that he may not become the vehicle of treason and crime. But at present the worthy Mr. Illingworth is being made the distributor of indecency.

## TO REDEEM THE WORLD!

**P**RESIDENT WILSON is certainly master of what the French call "le mot sonore." In answer to an official letter from his Secretary of State for War informing him that between May 8th, 1917, and July 1st, 1918, one million American soldiers have been transferred to France with all their equipment, and only 291 men lost in an ocean infested with submarines, the President says, "the peoples of the United States rejoice to see their force put faster and faster into the great struggle which is destined to redeem the world." It is a great saying, worthy of a great man and a great occasion.

The mere physical fact is a notable achievement of modern organisation. Two years ago the United States were lapped in peace, anxious indeed, and irritated by the German conduct of the war, but still without a thought of departing from their traditional policy of non-intervention in European politics. With the incredible and insensate folly that is born of bottomless conceit, the Germans began in February, 1917, their unlimited U-boat war; and in May the Americans began not only to enrol and drill an army, but to ship their troops to England and France. With justifiable pride the Secretary of War reports: "the first ship carrying military personnel sailed on May 8th, 1917, having on board Base Hospital No. 4, and members of the Reserve Nurses Corps. General Pershing and his staff sailed on May 20th, 1917." By 1st July, 1917, the numbers landed in France were a total of 1,019,115. "The total number of troops returned from abroad, lost at sea, and casualties is 8,165. Of these by reason of the superbly efficient protection which the Navy has given our transport system only 291 have been lost at sea." And the German Government has told its people that the U-boat is master of the seas, that it is killing English commerce, and that it will cut the Americans off from the war!

We heartily approve the American plan of publishing the facts. Had the British done this thing, it would have been smothered in secrecy: it would have been officially denied in Parliament: and any newspaper that had published it would have been clawed by "Dora" for giving information to the enemy. The Americans more wisely believe in publishing facts, knowing well that the German Higher Command will get them, but will try and keep them from their people. Will the American Secretary's report and the President's reply be allowed to be read in Germany? We said above that the physical fact was a great achievement: the moral fact is a still greater. In the second chapter of his history of the Seven Year's War Sir Julian Corbett has this passage: "Besides the classification 'defensive and offensive,' wars must be classified in relation to their object. We thus get a class of war where the object is 'limited,' and a class where it is 'unlimited,' that is, a class of war which aims at securing some definite advantage, such as trading rights, pieces of territory, and the like, and a class which aims at the destruction of the enemy's national power." And Sir Julian Corbett goes on to point out that the Seven Years' War was begun by Newcastle as a limited war, for the delimitation of the Canadian frontier, and was continued by Pitt as an unlimited war, for the destruction of the national power of France. The present war belongs to the unlimited category, for its object is not the acquisition of a piece of territory, or the rectification of a frontier, but the destruction of the military power of Germany, and the redemption of the world.

A million American citizens, having drilled and equipped themselves as soldiers, have left their homes and business, and sailed across some three thousand miles of ocean, sown with mines and punctured by submarines, to redeem the world! And this is no idle boast, or flourish of rhetoric; for, disagreeable as it may be for Britons and Frenchmen and Italians to admit the fact, had it not been for these million Americans the war would have been lost, as the deserved punishment for forty years of democratic claptrap and party politics. To redeem the world from lust, and lying, and cruelty, from the breach of treaties, from

pillage and devastation, from the murderers of Nurse Cavell, the sinkers of hospital ships, and the torturers of helpless prisoners innumerable, a million Americans arrive! Let us never again ask President Wilson for a definition of his war aims: he has said it, with a ring of Puritan simplicity that will echo round the globe, and he will never say it again quite as well. The quick-witted Finns and the excitable Poles and Czechs may hear his word, and it will come to them as tidings of great joy. The dreamy democrats of Russia will hear it, and they may tell the moujik, who cannot read or write, as he grubs the soil to stay the pangs of starvation, that a great army has come out of the West to redeem the world. But they who will certainly read and weigh every word of the American Secretary's report and the President's reply are the Kaiser and his son, and the glittering crowd of Marshals and Generals, who plotted this war, and the dingier ring of politicians and journalists, who aided and abetted them. How will they feel about it, they who began by laughing at American intervention, and then denied the possibility of transporting an army across the Atlantic? What does Baron Kühlmann think now of a Thirty Years' War? And ex-Admiral von Tirpitz and Ludendorff, what do they think of the redemption of the world? They may now begin to realise the truth of the saying of another great American—"You cannot fool all the people all the time." Mr. Gerard has pictured for us, in his second book, the wave of exultation that swept over the German nation when the news of the sinking of the "Lusitania" was published. Only one Cabinet Minister and one high financier expressed to the American Ambassador their regret and their perception of the blunder that had been committed. Surely the German people must be stung by some divine or diabolical oestrus when they rejoice over the fact that the most populous, the richest, and the most intelligent democracy in the world has joined the ranks of their enemies.

## A WOUNDED CITY.

(By A Subaltern).

**I**F there remain in England to-day any people who still grumble inordinately over such matters as dearth of taxi-cabs or restricted supplies of butter, it might be well if the Government could organize for them a few expeditions of a certain town in France, where, though it is some distance behind the lines, practical demonstration is at present being given of the real hardships of war which civilians may be called upon to endure.

Not long ago this town had scarcely felt the bite of war, but it has lately suffered so cruelly from aerial bombardment that it is fast becoming but a shadow of its former self.

A pretty little old-world house, which yesterday, bathed in sunshine, saw the children playing round its door, while Madame from an upper window looked out cheerfully upon the street as she plied her needle, to-day is but dust and ashes, and Madame and the children . . . Near by a richly furnished shop, which was doing a brisk trade, lies in the same condition, except that one corner of it has escaped; and at one side of the ruins there still stands in glorious irony a fragment of what was the shop-window, wherein dainty trifles, such as baby's silk caps, hang exquisitely arranged in artistic groups.

In a central square a large clock which, from the secure heights of the Palais de Justice has looked down calmly on several generations of townspeople, has "fallen from its high estate," and lies a battered wreck of cogs and wheels upon the pavement. Verily "on the earth the broken arcs . . ."! Opposite the clock a statue of considerable beauty looks as though it had been the victim of some second Alcibiades, for all its extremities are lopped off, and the remaining trunk presents a pitiful sight.

Every day the roads are full of the more well-to-do citizens taking away their valuables and furniture in carts, lest it be their "turn next," and seeking a



dwelling place elsewhere. These furniture loads invariably include colossal bed-mattresses, and are almost as invariably crowned by a canary in a cage. No amount of world-wars would stop a Gallic canary singing, and the birds never fail to leave their homes in full vocal blast. As a corporal remarked to me while we watched one of the usual carts passing, "It 'ud be a bit of all right, sir, if they cud get the bird to gie us a snap o' the Marseillaise."

But while many leave the town, some remain; and it is hard to say which is more admirable, the patience and cheerfulness with which the future wanderers abandon their homes, or the tenacity and courage with which others stick to theirs.

Shortly after the first severe raid, an enterprising proprietor, having (as I afterwards discovered) fought a kind of rear-guard action with his restaurant through the recent Somme offensive, set it up in the square of the mutilated statue and downcast clock. Now his is no unpretentious café, but a most elaborate "house," where a first-class dinner is served—and would be served, as you feel, if the artillery of all the belligerents united in putting down a barrage on the building the whole evening. Every waiter wears evening dress, there is no lack of glasses of every earthly shape to fit every earthly or unearthly drink, the table-linen is always spotless. "How rash of him to start a show here of all places at the present time," we said to one another, "wait till a bomb comes and then see him hop off!" And we pitied him in our ignorance, and laughed at him in our arrogance, and drank his wine hard, doubting if it would be obtainable on the morrow. That night another bomb fell in the Square. The statue was already too much maimed to feel it, but the last remaining hand of the recumbent clock dropped off, and most of the fronts of the houses in the Square fell in, amongst them that of our restaurant. I heard of this from my servant, and sauntered down to the town that evening to look gloomily at the destruction of the restaurant where I had hoped against hope that I might have one more dinner before it was struck. "That's exactly what I could have told him would happen," I said to myself as I walked down.

When I arrived at the Square, all was as desolate as my servant had reported, save the restaurant. During the afternoon, apparently, the whole of the front had been repaired with boards; electric light was blazing inside, the same display of glasses (which presumably must have been packed away all night in the bowels of the earth) the same splendour of attendance, the same dinner.

I entered as in a dream, and sitting down at a table, was served exactly as though nothing out of the ordinary had happened since I was there last. But no! even this superhuman proprietor could not wholly escape the destruction of the mailed fist; for during the course of dinner he had come up to me to make abject apologies because, owing to the ravages of the night's bombardment upon his stock, he was unable to supply me with a straw for my iced drink!

Here is another example of the same indomitable spirit. An old, old man, whose house had been blown to atoms, was trying to pick out one or two fragments of his charred possessions, which he could take away with him in a tiny hand-cart. He had just picked out the last thing which could possibly be worth preserving, some tattered old volume, and was about to push off the handcart, and to follow the other "evacués" on their weary trail "The Lord knows where," when he turned, and drew from his pocket a little strip of tricoloured ribbon, the colours of the Republic: then, simply, without a trace of the "poseur"—no Englishman could have done it quite in the same way—he tied the ribbon to an upstanding leg of a shattered bedstead, and left it to flutter proudly over the mass of debris which had once been his home.

O people of Germany, even if you could bomb down the whole of France as you have bombed down that old man's home, yet above the ruins the soul of France, like that strip of tricoloured ribbon, would remain untouched, unconquerable.

## FLIES.

THE anopheles mosquito is, perhaps, of all insect carriers the most prolific of disease and destruction of human life, but there is another member of the same order, the Diptera, that has an exceedingly bad record, and that is *Musca domestica*, the common house-fly. Not so long ago it was regarded as a harmless, if annoying and besmirching, little creature, and the crushing of it on the window-pane was held to indicate juvenile depravity. But it is now known that it is a pestiferous thing, the presence of which in our houses is highly undesirable and hazardous.

Ruskin has given us a characteristic study of the fly. He reminds us that, when Menelaus prays Athena for strength to withstand Hector, she gives him strength in his shoulders and limbs. And the courage of what? Not of the bull or the lion, but of the most fearless and audacious of all creatures, the fly. "The common house-fly," he goes on, "is the most perfectly free and republican of creatures. There is no courtesy in him; he does not care whether it is a king or a clown whom he teases, and in every step of his swift and mechanical march, and in every pause of his resolute observations, there is one and the same expression of perfect egotism, perfect independence and self-confidence and conviction of the world being made for flies. Your fly in the air, free in the chamber, a black incarnation of caprice, wandering investigating, flitting, flirting, feasting at his will, with rich variety of feasts, from the heap of sweets in the grocer's window to those of the butcher's back-yard, from the galled place on the horse's back to the brown spot on the road, from which, as the hoof disturbs him, he rises with angry republican buzz. What freedom is his!"

But it is the very freedom of the fly which Ruskin notes, and the versatility of his tastes, which make him dangerous, for in his flittings and flirtings and feastings he becomes the colporteur of noxious matter. His proboscis is not like that of the mosquito, a tube for the conveyance of poison, but particles of a very questionable character adhere to the tarsi of his legs, his plantulæ and pulvilli, and are thus transferred from point to point. It seems probable that his excremental deposits, as has just been shown to be the case with those of the louse, in trench fever, may be highly detrimental. Dr. Schölberg obtained from cultures of these many different organisms. In his flight from the galled place on the horse's back, or from the offal in the butcher's back-yard, to any abraded surface on the human skin, or mucous membrane he may convey and sow the seeds of Septicæmia, and numbers of well authenticated instances of this are on record. In his incessant migrations from manure heaps to articles of food he makes many unpleasant and mischievous implantations. Flitting from person to person, he may directly communicate disease, as in the case of ophthalmia in Egypt, which is propagated by sand flies, and as has probably been sometimes the case in outbreaks of ophthalmia in our poor-law schools in this country. Dead flies cause the ointment of the apothecary to send forth a stinking savour, and drowned flies in milk have been a common cause of infantile diarrhoea, a very fatal malady. In warm weather, especially in the autumn, swarms of flies divide their attention between the dustbin and the larder, and in the over-crowded slum areas of towns flies are often present in enormous numbers and ominous clusters.

The fly attaches itself particularly to man and multiplies at a prodigious rate, wherever he is uncleanly in his habits or allows decomposing matter to accumulate in or near his dwelling; the temperature being high. Large camps, of course, afford conditions favourable to it. The late Sir Joseph Fayrer used to say that the most insufferable nuisances during the siege of Lucknow were the stench from the unburied carcasses of horses and the plague of flies. Sir Frederick Treves made us acquainted with the same plague in South Africa, and Dr. Howard Tooth said that the clouds of flies there, bred in the refuse that was littered about, specially infested persons who were ill and were pecu-

liarily attracted by typhoid patients, hanging in loathsome groups around their mouths and feeding vessels. Sir William Church reported that in South Africa it was possible on entering a hospital tent at once to identify the typhoid patients by the grim pall of flies that had settled on them. Typhoid fever in South Africa rapidly diminished on the appearance of frost, which kills the flies. It was found that the fly plague there was largely controlled by the prompt removal of all refuse from the vicinity of the camp, especially when this was combined with the liberal use of "tangle foot," an American fly-paper, and not Cape whiskey, to which the term is sometimes applied.

Our experiences in South Africa opened our eyes to the part played by flies as disease mongers, and in the present war careful precautions have been taken against them. Even in face of these, however, they have played havoc. In Egypt, where they darkened the air and settled on the men's food in such pertinacious hoards that it was all but impossible to avoid swallowing some of them with it, they were largely responsible for the spread of dysentery, and in our armies everywhere they have caused misery and distress and sickness, and sometimes death, not only by the germs they have wafted about, but by the irritation and broken rest they have induced in nervous sufferers from wounds or illness. They are an unmixed evil, for they are of no value as scavengers, as was at one time supposed, and too much pains cannot be expended on their destruction.

Packhard showed long ago that the female house-fly selects by preference horse-droppings for her ovipositing, and this has been confirmed by the investigations of Dr. Harmer and others. There can be no doubt, however, that she will avail herself of the dead carcasses of animals and organic debris of any sort, and she is highly fertile, for it has been calculated that one female fly may have 25,000,000 descendants in the course of a season. A plague of flies may everywhere be taken as a sign of defective sanitation or a too tardy removal of refuse. It is to be feared that the reduced scavenging which the war has made inevitable in our large towns at home will result in a fly-boom this autumn.

It is efficient scavenging and general hygienic measures more than any specific insecticides or protectives that are trusted to in our camps. A prompt resort to the destructor is insisted on, wherever practicable, and accumulations of horse-manure are treated in various ways to purge them of the sable insect in the several stages of its development. Dr. Monkton Copeman has shown that these accumulations when heaped up and properly covered in generate, at a certain depth, heat sufficient to kill the eggs, larvæ and pupæ of the fly.

Whether or not the full-grown fly hibernates, the killing of flies when they make their first appearance in spring and early summer before they have had time to be fruitful and multiply is a highly efficacious check on their ravages. For our domestic protection we should see that our larders are as remote as possible from dust bins, or other sources of contamination, and that they are in situations where they can be well ventilated, through openings guarded by wire gauze. Important is the systematic use of wire-woven safes and covers for the protection of stored provisions. Most important of all is the safeguarding of the children's milk. "The golden rule in every home," Professor Kenwood has said, "is that the milk should be kept clean, cool and covered. Failing a landing or passage, a bedroom with an open window is far better than a kitchen for this purpose, and a small fly-proof cupboard sufficient for the scant storage of the poor can be made at the cost of a shilling from a little wood and fine wire gauze."

#### ODDS AND ENDS OF THE BRITISH MUSEUM.

THE closing of the British Museum to the public in 1914, one of the silliest petty economies that ever disgraced a great nation, would have rejoiced the heart of that arch-impostor and mischief-maker,

William Cobbett, in 1833. "Why should tradesmen and farmers," said he, as reported in Hansard, "be called upon to pay for the support of a place which was intended only for the amusement of the curious and the rich, and not for the benefit or instruction of the poor? If the aristocracy wanted the Museum as a lounging place, let them pay for it. For his own part, he did not know where this British Museum was, nor did he know much of the contents of it; but from the little he had heard of it, even if he knew where it was, he would not take the trouble of going to see it." Small wonder, then, that the Archbishop of Canterbury, on receiving an application for a testimonial from Rainy Day Smith (whose books, if you have not read, be sure and read to-morrow), then standing for the Keepership of Prints and Drawings in 1816, should have written that he was astonished Smith should "think it worth while to waste his strength in pursuit of such a trifling office as that which is now vacant in the Museum." Small wonder that "Dante" Cary, in whose official house Lamb, Coleridge, Rogers and Wordsworth spent many happy and some jovial hours, should have begged for the Keepership of Printed Books a few years later on the ground that his age "asked for that alleviation of labour which, in this as in other public offices, is gained by promotion to a superior place." But, indeed, then and for years afterwards, the Museum staff included many curiosities.

The first Principal Librarian was a physician of some gifts as an investigator of magnetic theories, who, according to Gray, was not on speaking terms with his staff, and walled up a much-used passage in order that they should not pass a particular window of his house. His successor, Dr. Matthew Maty, best known as Editor of *Chesterfield*, was a Dutchman by birth, and author of a treatise, *De Consuetudinis efficacia in corpus humanum* and other medical works. It was while he held office that visitors had to wait four months, instead of the usual fortnight, from April to August, 1776, that is, to get admission to the collections. Still another doctor was Peter Templeman, M.D., Superintendent of the Reading Room from 1758-69, who used to congratulate himself, according to Gray, on the sight of so much good company there. But he was no snob. A bumptious and over-bearing person once greeted him with, "Do you know who I am, sir? My name is So-and-so." "I hear it, sir, and am not terrified," was the almost Johnsonian answer. It was not until Sir Henry Ellis, one of the most prominent English scholars of his time, was appointed Principal Librarian that the Museum became a force in the world of letters. Ellis's publications range from 1798 to 1869, and his services to the Museum, as to English literature and history, are beyond praise. But there were curiosities among his colleagues. Dr. Shaw, for instance, and that Rev. Mr. Maurice, to whom Leigh Hunt devotes some pages in 'Lord Byron and his Contemporaries,' who posed as serious poets, produced some of the worst doggerel in the language. The first apostrophizes the blossoming and dying Aloe, who—

Conscious of the approaching doom,  
Burst forth, impatient, into bloom;  
Then, fading, 'midst admiring eyes,  
The vegetable *Martyr* dies.

The second celebrates Doctor Thornton, the son of Cowper's friend, whose charming coloured plates are the glory of the 'Temple of Flora,' the folio now much sought after by the collector, in which these gems of poetastry saw the light.

"To THORNTON loudly strike th' applausive string,  
'Mid desert wastes who bids an Eden spring:  
The *Mighty Work* complete, through Europe's  
bounds  
Thy name is echoed, and Thy fame resounds,  
Exalting Science weaves the deathless bays,  
And rival Monarchs swell the note of Praise."

Rainy Day Smith's predecessor, the first Keeper of Prints and Drawings, and colleague of the poetasters



above mentioned, was appointed in tragic circumstances. The Reverend William Beloe, the Librarian under whose charge these collections then were, was a lover of good living. Into his affections a man named Dighton insinuated himself by presents of delicacies, taking advantage of the freedom of access to the collections thus acquired to abstract and sell a number of drawings. There was no suggestion of complicity on Beloe's part, but the incident led to his dismissal and to the appointment of a separate Keeper in 1808.

There was an old man employed in the same Department of Manuscripts in the 'Sixties of last century, who eked out his miserable official salary by drawing cartoons for a manufacturer of stained glass. He worked at a desk outside the Keeper's room, and when his superior went out to the easy lunch-hour of those days, an "hour" revived in some of our more recent Ministries, would rush to the vacant room, spread his sheets of paper on the Keeper's table, and draw for dear life, setting a junior on guard outside, as Sister Anne, to see if anyone were coming. Contemporary with him was an attendant, short and broad of build, to whom Sir Anthony Panizzi was in the habit of giving his cast-off clothes. Sir Anthony was tall, and the trousers had to be rolled up several times before they were wearable; when asked why he did not cut them down, the new owner would answer reproachfully, "No, sir; it would not be respectful to Sir Anthony." The oddities of the Museum are not confined to the showcases. The appetite of the public for disconnected facts is insatiable, and no one can calculate how often, before the closing, the largest or smallest book in the world, the oldest coin or the thousand-pound stamp were asked for. Here are specimens. The representative of a fashion paper demanded the waist measurement of the Venus of Milo; another enquirer, a scene painter, presumably, demanded to know if the architecture of Troy were Doric, Ionic, Etruscan or Gothic.

Questions, however, are not always so innocent, and a good mark for ready wit should surely be awarded to an official acting, two generations ago, as Superintendent of the Reading Room. A man came to his desk, and asked if he might be shown into a private room to Raise the Devil, as he thought the Superintendent might like to see the process. "I should have been only too delighted, my dear sir," was the ready answer, "but the Trustees have, unluckily, passed a special minute forbidding the practice on the ground of the danger to the collections."

But the Museum staff is not what it was. Gone are those learned doctors, those often eccentric clergy, of whom a writer once said that "they took the restraints of the clerical profession without any of its emoluments"; though an occasional parson was sometimes "constrained by his conscience," as another writer admits, "to retire from the Museum that he might attend more exclusively to his duties as a clergyman." Gone are the tramps and charwomen of the Reading Room, and many of its eccentrics also, the old man who scented Jesuits in everything, and covered his papers if a fellow-reader even passed him; gone is Karl Marx himself, and Samuel Butler, greatest of Reading Room enthusiasts; gone that pathetic figure who carried an old copy of the *Times* peeping out of the breast of a forlorn overcoat, till its penny days took the social emphasis out of the *Times*. George Gissing remembered a notice in the cloak-rooms, "These lavatories are only to be used for casual ablutions"; that notice is no longer necessary. But the readers of old time are embalmed in the pages of the novelist's 'New Grub Street'; the records of the staff must be sought in holes and corners. Gissing, one might say, was predestined to write their memoirs; would that he had done so! Think of John Hesson, who before he joined the staff "had herded cattle, driven a horse and cart, sold oatmeal and tenpenny nails, made himself useful as a lawyer's clerk, studied divinity, written sermons for lame preachers, and preached many also, written not

a little poetry, mended his coat, once contrived to sole his own shoes, taught mathematics, and had some reputation as a lampoonist—the latter accomplishment sometimes bringing him into unpleasant acquaintance with the cudgel."

The Museum conditions of those days were bad enough to demand some powers of endurance. Things were far gone, indeed, when Joseph Hume, M.P., whose often comic exertions in favour of economy at the Treasury added the word Retrenchment to the Radical cant of Peace and Reform, could recognise that the Museum staff of his day was "the worst paid of any of the public institutions of the country." This from a man who spent his time and money on analysing the returns of public expenditure caused his name to be blessed in the Museum, whose staff Hume's private secretary, the accomplished gentleman already described, had by this time joined. It is regrettable to add that the said secretary "used to discuss politics and poetry with a colleague till only a sense of duty brought us back to the work we were, or ought to have been, engaged upon."

With all its faults of physical stuffiness and a scale so colossal as to involve a certain academic remoteness, the British Museum is a Wonder of the World; ask any Colonial soldier who has had the chance of seeing it. Be thankful for its past glories; remember its collections, at a standstill but for private generosity; look forward to its re-opening.

#### EDWARD STOTT.

WHATEVER the merits or demerits of the late Edward Stott's work, the complaint could never be raised that the public saw too much of it. Deliberate in conception, and loving with the passion of a true craftsman the processes of execution, he was at no time a very productive artist. Latterly his zeal for elaboration gained upon him, and his output grew very markedly less.

For this reason alone the announcement that on July 4th Messrs. Sotheby, Wilkinson & Hodge offered for sale a large number of pastels and pencil drawings had a peculiar interest. The public obtained at last an opportunity of seeing a quantity of his work at one time, and of work, too, that represents every phase of his development. Of course, the sale had other claims to interest. For one thing, Stott's pastels, some entirely for his own delight and instruction, are intensely characteristic and informing on his attitude to nature and to art; for another, they are full of qualities of directness and immediate charm which his later painting in oil sometimes lacked.

It was in pastel that he executed the vast majority of his outdoor sketches, and in the same medium he made studies for his important pictures, studies ranging from a rough "blocking in" of his subject to works of considerable finish and of very great beauty. The chalk suited his temper to a nicety; and he used it with admirable dexterity and force, finding in it an ideal means for expressing his fine feeling for subtleties of light and colour, also, it might be said, a safeguard against his tendency to over-elaboration. Pastel, indeed, compels from the understanding artist directness and breadth of treatment. "The fun of the thing" is just its freshness and vivacity, its air of *premier coup* achievement, and its refusal to yield any valuable result to mere laborious skill uninspired by emotion. In Stott's pastels this is everywhere obvious. Not one of them is without the evidence of strong feeling expressed, and not even in the most "finished" of them is there often any other sign of wavering purpose or interrupted vision.

A good many (and these perhaps will most interest the general public) are studies for pictures which have been seen at various exhibitions. In Stott's earlier manner of simple and intimate pastoral are the studies for *The White Cow*, for *The Gleaners* (the first of two pictures so called) for *Trees Young and Old*, and several others. All of these are delightful, not only in themselves, but as recalling a series of really

masterly performances. They give, as did the pictures themselves, the essential best both of artist and man, that strong passion for our mother earth and that reverent and tender sympathy for man's immemorial service to her, which distinguished the great landscape school of nineteenth-century France and Holland, and which (with the possible exception of the late William Estall) no English painter felt more keenly or better uttered than did Stott himself. Debtor to the great continental romantic tradition as he certainly was, he yet brought back to his handling of that tradition the original forces of his race and of his own personality. His bare and windy downland, its lines broken by stark ricks and lonely byres; his riverside landscape; his crowded and jocund skies—these things are of the heart of England and of no other land. Moreover, they are England seen with his own eyes and experienced by his own spirit. Akin to the men of Barbizon, he was wise enough to avoid imitation of Millet's melancholy or of Corot's dreaminess; and much as he must have learned from the Dutch masters, it is never possible to point to work of his and to say: "This is of Mauve or of Israels or of one of the brothers Maris."

A very fine pastel, really a complete picture in itself, is one the studies for *The Old Barge*, a grave white horse, solemnly plodding along a towpath, splendid in movement and "go," and full of exquisite light and colour. Perhaps Stott never did better in the medium, though the sketch for a picture never painted, *The Footbridge*, figures in a dark land against strong sunset, has much of the same merit of rich and various harmony.

Then there are sketches and studies for pictures of his later years, less intimate and immediately appealing, and more suggestive of "the Grand Manner," *The Carpenter's Shop*, for instance, and *The Flight into Egypt*, and *The Entombment*. Also one study of blossoms reminds one how delightful always was his rendering of flowers, and makes one regret that he never did more in that direction.

Many of the pastels and pencil-drawings are, of course, not related to any known pictures at all or only related very indirectly. They are just impressions set down for his own pleasure, sweeps of the Sussex Downs with woods below them, very full of the spirit of those most characteristic of English hills, their swiftness and variety of line, their endless change and gradation of colour, their saving touch of austerity. There are, too, a good number of drawings of children and of older people, drawings that show him as possessed of that higher draughtsmanship which interprets and communicates rather than of that which merely portrays. His children are always capital, whether they are boys bathing, or small girls setting off to evening church, or little people properly serious over tea. You look at them and realise that it is not only fun to be a child, but vastly important too, and that fun and importance are both, to you as a grown-up, a little aloof and mysterious, part of a world in which time has robbed you of a share.

It is greatly to be wished that in due time a representative exhibition of Stott's work should be organised. Though he spent nearly all his painting years at Amberley, and took nearly all his subjects within a two-mile radius of the village, such an exhibition would not lack variety. It would, one feels, do much to put in his proper place a painter whom critical persons come rather inclined to treat as *d'un très beau passé*. It may be, indeed, that he had perfectly expressed himself some time before his death, and that his later work wanted something of the earlier character and spontaneity. But to the end he was painting well, and with an unblunted zeal to paint better; and throughout his life he preferred to do the work he felt rather than to produce what dealers or critics or public demanded.

#### THE ST. MALO FLEET.

THE season was over at St. Malo, the Casino was closed, the visitors were gone, and the *malouins*, the inhabitants of St. Malo, were left in sole posses-

sion. It was autumn, and the fleet, which until the war, sailed every spring for the Newfoundland cod fisheries, was now due to return.

The summer visitors see nothing of the strange men who every year set out on an adventure worthy of the great *malouins* of former days, yet it is these humble fishermen who keep alive the stout seafaring tradition of the old corsair town, the stronghold which gave birth to Jacques Cartier, the discoverer of the St. Lawrence, to Duguay-Trouin, famous for the taking of Rio de Janeiro, and to Robert Surcouf the celebrated corsair of Napoleon's time.

One morning early in October the view from the *Grande Porte* across the docks was obstructed, for the sun was shining full on the yellow sails of a tall-masted schooner, which had evidently just come into one of the inner *bassins* of the harbour. A strange fairy appearance she had in the morning light, looking as if she had never known a boisterous wind or a rough sea. This was the first of the "*terre-neuviens*" to return.

Slowly, by twos and threes the others followed. Every day at every tide there were more of them, and soon a confused mass of cordage and rigging intersected the view across the docks, from which a forest of masts had, as it were, sprung up. Two deep, three deep, the *terre-neuviens* now lay alongside the quays, and by the end of October they had all returned.

Out on the country roads one met donkey carts, driven by some *bonne femme* or some old man, beside whom would be perched a big weather-beaten fisherman, with his sea chest at his feet in the bottom of the cart. For the men of the Newfoundland fleet are not all exclusively fishermen, but come, many of them, from little farms some miles inland where they spend half the year, thus dividing their lives between the earth and the sea.

Winter came with its winds and storms. On rough days the seas dashed against the walls of St. Malo, its force broken by the giant posts which are driven into the sand all round the ramparts: the streets were often wet with spray. Lonely and isolated the town now seemed, very far from Paris, from England, and from the busy world.

But gradually the monotonous winter wore away, and with the return of spring a change came over the town, and over the fleet. The shops assumed a more lively appearance—every window displaying objects likely to be of use to the fishermen—and the ships themselves became more alive. Their big holds were laid open and a store of salt for preserving the cod was poured in. The air was filled with a continual sound of dull hammering made by the men who were caulking the decks; and along the bulwarks were piles of the curious flat-bottomed boats—built so that they can be stacked one within the other—which are used for fishing off the Newfoundland coast.

Preparations went on for some weeks, until by the beginning of March most of the fleet was ready. During the last few days relatives of the crews could be seen on board the *terre-neuviens*, examining what was to be for so many months the home of their husbands, sons or fiancés. Some of these visitors had evidently come a long way, for many of the women wore the Breton costume, which is now seldom seen at St. Malo, and very old-world they looked in their satin bodices, their ornamented aprons, and their snow-white coiffes.

One *terre-neuvier*, the *St. Etienne*, seemed to have more visitors than the other ships. She was one of the largest, but was otherwise typical of the rest. On board the *St. Etienne* the hold for storing the cod took up the entire space amidships, leaving room for a cabin fore and aft. A tiny triangular place, the cabin in the bows accommodated, somehow or other, between twenty and thirty of the younger men. The bunks on its three sides were almost boarded up, except for a hole a few feet square at each bunk, and the close smell of the place was intolerable.

Much more cheerful and commodious was the cabin astern, where the older men had their quarters: here there was an appearance of comfort, and plenty of room to move and breathe. Opening off it was the



captain's cabin, a neat little room furnished with a good bunk, a table, and a few chairs. A tiny bureau was fastened to the wall beside the bed, and a plaster image of the Virgin, which stood on a ledge above the bed, seemed to diffuse an atmosphere of tranquillity and calm.

Towards the middle of March the *terre-neuviers* began to leave. Casually, in twos and threes, they went away as they had come. Every day at high tide the ships that were ready were tugged out until they were about a mile from the land. There they awaited a favourable wind, and then sailed slowly away.

Each *terre-neuvier* had only just sufficient men on board to act as crew. The main body of the fishermen were brought out by steamer and distributed among the sailing-ships at the end of the voyage. A somewhat antiquated liner, *La Californie*, had arrived from Havre for this purpose. She lay outside the harbour for some days and then came into the *port de la marée*, where even at low tide, when the harbour was quite dry, she loomed high above the quay side.

Her departure was to be the great event. It took place early one morning when the majority of the fleet had already left. The whole of St. Malo was out early to see the start. It was a gray, misty morning. The ramparts and the quays were thronged, the crowd being densest where the *Californie* was moored. Friends and relatives of the fishermen, as well as mere sightseers, were edging and jostling to get near. A narrow lane leading to the gangway was formed through the crowd. Along this the fishermen passed, each with his bundle over his shoulder, until the part of the deck nearest the quay became so crowded that men climbed the rope-ladders on the masts to get a final look at their friends on shore.

The last fisherman was aboard, and the gangways were drawn up when suddenly a deep, awe-inspiring hum reverberated through the misty air, then stopped, and began again. It was the signal for starting. Everybody on shore now went round as fast as possible towards the pier in order to watch the *Californie* passing. Slowly the great vessel left her moorings, and was tugged round until she was opposite the mouth of the harbour. There she was left to herself. Her propellers churned the water for a few moments, and then she slid slowly forward gathering momentum every instant.

No cheer was raised by the crowd of onlookers, for a sadness seemed to have come over them. Doubtless they were wondering how many of the twelve hundred men on board the *Californie* would come back the following autumn, for, although a figure of the Madonna stands with outstretched arms blessing the fleet from a rock near the mouth of the harbour, some of the *terre-neuviers* are lost every year, and only the winter before the *Césembre* had foundered in a storm within sight of St. Malo, off the island from which she took her name.

Thoughts such as these must have been in the people's minds, for they watched in silence. Soon the steamer had got abreast of the point where most of the crowd had now collected, and by this time she was moving quite rapidly. In a second she had passed, and the people watched her dwindling hull until the figures on the deck were indistinguishable.

## CORRESPONDENCE.

### THE CO-OPERATIVE STORES SCANDAL.

To the Editor of THE SATURDAY REVIEW.

SIR,—At a meeting of trade unionists the other day Mr. W. Hudson, M.P., remarked that the co-operative societies had received very scanty recognition from the Government. This is incorrect. The War Food Prices Committee appointed by Mr. Runciman in 1915 was largely composed of co-operators. From that time until now, when Mr. Clynes, a co-operator, is practically Food Controller, co-operators have been grossly over-represented.

It is doubtful whether these stores distribute 10 per cent. of the food consumed in this country, yet they

whine because they cannot work their sweet will on the whole trade. The fact of the matter is this so-called system of co-operation has failed miserably in keeping down the price of foodstuffs during the war, and the wire-pullers of the movement have been just as guilty of profiteering as any other group of traders.

This failure has made the co-operative mandarins uneasy about their well-paid jobs; so they are working up a hollow agitation against the Government by which they hope to hide their incompetence and conceal the falsity of their doctrines.

The coquetting that is going on between a section of the whole trade unionists and the co-operative clique is very significant and requires close watching. It opens an avenue of political jobbery and financial corruption which is fraught with danger.

Yours truly,

MINCING LANE BROKER.

### THE POLICY OF HOPE.

To the Editor of THE SATURDAY REVIEW.

SIR,—Many readers of the above leading article in your issue of June 29th will no doubt be imbued with like sentiments, but it is safe to say that the majority will be only amused at what is, after all, a puny effort to keep ablaze the hatred of the Irishman.

England, as you say, is upon her trial before the world in this great war, and one of the outstanding points is the declaration of her statesmen that she entered the war to uphold and fight for the liberties of small nations. This is a laudable ambition, and one which has the support of the whole Empire. But, at the Peace Congress, how is England going to reconcile this very explicit undertaking with the treatment which has for generations, and is, being meted out to the little nation at her very door?

Ireland may have been conquered, but she has never surrendered her claim to nationality, and throughout the bitter controversies on the Home Rule question this point has not been disputed. As a nation, therefore, she has the right to be consulted as to how she shall be governed, otherwise the avowed aims of England and her Allies can only be interpreted as the mouthings of statesmen.

In my humble opinion (and it is one which has no doubt many supporters) there are three possible ways of settling the Home Rule question—(1) by dropping the matter absolutely, (2) by bringing about a settlement by arbitration, or (3) by granting Home Rule if the majority of the people are in favour of it. The first suggestion is, obviously, useless, as it would simply mean a continuance of discord between the two countries. The second has not much more to support it, if the result of the Convention's efforts is to be taken as a criterion in that respect. But, the third is the ideal and only reasonable suggestion that can be put forward. Throughout the ages the law of majority, as distinct from might, has always been considered the test in any dispute. The overwhelming majority of the Irish people at home (without taking into account those in Canada, Australia, South Africa, and other parts of the Empire, and also the great American Republic) are in favour of self-government, and yet these ambitions may not be gratified owing to the opposition of the small minority in the North-East portion of the country. Well may you ask what must the Canadians, Australians, South Africans and Americans think of the impotence of the British Government. When there was a likelihood of Home Rule being granted the minority rose in arms and their leaders openly defied the Government, even to the length of gun-running and armed resistance to the law. You say that you prefer the active to the passive rebel, as he is more easily dealt with. Well, how the Ulster rebels were "dealt with" is a matter of history which oddly contrasts with the handling of the rising of the majority which followed some time afterwards. This spirit of intolerance towards the majority is a thing which cannot go on for ever, notwithstanding the "chuckles" of the Ulster minority at the Government's ineptitude.

With regard to conscription. Australia would not acknowledge the right of English statesmen to impose conscription upon the Commonwealth. She controls her own internal affairs, but her contribution in manpower has nevertheless been the admiration of all. Contrast this with the position of Ireland, and we have a great object lesson. Grant Home Rule to Ireland, which is voiced by the vast majority of Irish people and supported by a majority of English Labour, and her contribution of fighting material (the worth of which has been proved on the world's battlefields) will be paid ungrudgingly in the cause of the Allies. In addition, the thousands of English soldiers now garrisoning the Green Isle could be freed for more congenial duty. Carson and his satellites, representing the minority, will have to "get out" or "get under," as in all justice to a brave and patient people the ultimate end to the controversy must be a granting of the demands of the majority as regards government, which is emphasized in the avowed aims and intentions of the Allies in prosecuting this war.

In conclusion, your remarks following the assertion that a large section of the Irish people are disloyal will only be taken by the majority of people as a "final kick" in the campaign of bitterness and hatred towards the Irish race, because the day is not far distant when the just cause against which that campaign is directed will emerge triumphant in spite of Carsonism, and right will prevail over might, though the latter be in the guise of trickery, bigotry, and lies.

I am, Sir, yours truly,

Luton, July 2nd, 1918.

HIBERNIAN.

#### SOCIALISM AND LAISSEZ-FAIRE.

To the Editor of THE SATURDAY REVIEW.

SIR,—The letter of C. F. Ryder touches upon a point which must have struck every observer of the signs of the times as the most significant political change of the last few years. The old parties are dead and gone. The only group that is sure of itself, knows what it wants, and how to get it is the Labour Party with "its systematic undeviating selfishness" as Mr. Ryder aptly put it. It would be easy enough for the Labour Party to reply that it is only faithfully copying party tradition as handed down reverently from the past, but the point is that the nation as a whole must recognise the position as it stands to-day. The old order has changed for good and all. We must henceforth understand that a new era in the life of mankind upon this earth is beginning. Surely the race is old enough to have learnt by heart the elementary principles of organisation, discipline and order as the foundation of well-being and liberty; and yet it seems that we are far off from even that rudimentary stage of political intelligence, if we take seriously the vapourings that confront us on all side.

Russia is a beautiful example of what will happen anywhere and at any time, once the principle of national organisation is misunderstood. There is no mystery whatever about organisation of any kind. It simply means that mind and brain must also guide the hand. There is no dignity of a special character attached to manual labour. Suppose we had attained that stage of evolution which we shall attain ultimately—when electricity will do all the hard work of man. What will become of manual labour? It will be refined and sublimated into the finer form of brain and mind. To make a fetish of "labour" will be disastrous to the real welfare of the human race. That is the danger of to-day. Politics to-day is rapidly approaching the condition of Rome when the populace had to be kept quiet by bread and games. Mr. Churchill's Bonus of 12½ per cent. is based upon exactly the principle which actuated the governing powers in ancient Rome. Once this kind of things starts, where is it going to end? The politician lives politically from hand to mouth, and rides on the storm, neither knowing nor caring where he is being driven, thankful only for the mercy of retaining his seat. The remedy is fearless thinking

and fearless criticism, based upon the good of the community as a whole, with ruthless exposure of party clap-trap and class interest, whether that class claims to represent "labour" or anything else.

Yours faithfully,

ARTHUR LOVELL.

94, Park Street, Grosvenor Square, W. 1.

#### THE BLOCKADE.

To the Editor of THE SATURDAY REVIEW.

SIR,—In the *Morning Post* of 17th June there is an article by Mr. H. M. Hyndman, "The Foreign Office and the Blockade." The last par. but one reads, "I am now authorized officially to say that the United States of America never gave the slightest hint of a desire to limit in any shape or way the maritime rights of Great Britain under international law. The only objections the United States Government ever made were to interference with mails, and undue delay in dealing legally with vessels captured. The United States is not a party to the Declaration of Paris."

In the *Saturday Review* of yesterday's date, page 570, col. 2, par. 4, towards the end it runs: "When charges of laxity in conducting the early blockade are brought against Lord Robert Cecil and Mr. Leverton Harris, the accusers ought to know (as all well-informed persons know) that a strict blockade would almost certainly have driven the Americans into declaring an armed neutrality, or possibly into forming a hostile confederation of neutrals. . . ." These two accounts appear to differ greatly on the same subject, i.e., the conduct of the blockade. If you can elucidate the matter, it will no doubt be much to the satisfaction of the man in the street.

Yours faithfully,

W. H. B. GRAHAM (Admiral).

June 30th, 1918.

[Mr. Hyndman must be a very innocent person if he imagined that the authorities would give him any other answer than the one he sought, now that the Americans are in the war on our side. Nevertheless, the facts are substantially as we stated them. Besides, the Americans might, without questioning the maritime rights of Britain, have made themselves very disagreeable about the assertion of their own maritime rights. In 1812 the United States declared war on Great Britain because of the Orders in Council relating to the blockade of France.—ED. S.R.]

#### ENGLAND'S PERIL.

To the Editor of THE SATURDAY REVIEW.

SIR,—Mr. Hughes is much concerned about the future and asks whether we are any more prepared for peace, with the fierce war of trade competition which, as he believes, will follow it, than we were for the awful struggle with Germany?

Really, it seems rather unnecessary to worry ourselves over this, for, if the leaders of the Labour party have their way, it is not our foreign trade only, but our very existence as a civilised State which will be threatened.

Now that, by the aid of the Franchise Act, they see their way to winning elections all over the country, the Labour leaders have dropped the mask of patriotism by which they concealed their intentions and declare roundly, *urbi et orbi*, that their great object is the plunder of their "capitalist" fellow-countrymen. With the taxpaying classes on the one side, feebly led and dazed by the fierce light of revolution, and on the other the privileged masses, honest enough if left alone, but constantly incited by capable and unscrupulous chiefs to believe that the State can abolish poverty, the position is very dangerous. Two years ago it would have been serious enough, but since then we have had the Russian Revolution with its lessons of plunder, murder, outrage and rape—of everything which appeals to the brutal instincts of mankind—and



we have seen the mightiest monarchy on earth and the proudest national Church both toppled over and trodden in the dust.

On the waste, the jobbery and the injustice by which the Government seeks to propitiate the leaders of the Labour party and to secure their venal patriotism there is not need to dilate, but the following report from the *Yorkshire Post* of June 28th of a discussion in the Preston Town Council may help to explain how it is that democracy and demoralisation so often go hand in hand. "Objecting to maximum war bonuses being granted to lads of 18, Councillor Snelham said that the prevailing high wages were having a very demoralising effect on the young people of the town. For some time he had been acting as chairman of the Juvenile Advisory Committee, which had met with some glaring cases. One boy of 16 came before the Committee, and was offered a job at 30s. a week, but absolutely refused it, saying that he had been getting £2 4s. per week. Asked why he did not stay at his good job, he replied that his master "gave him a word or two," and he left. These high wages, said Councillor Snelham, were also killing the apprenticeship system. Boys could not now be got to become apprentices, and those who had gone in to learn a trade earlier were now leaving at 17 years of age to go to munition factories, where they could get from 35s. to 40s. per week."

Yours faithfully,

C. F. RYDER.

Scarcroft, near Leeds, July 1st, 1918.

#### OUR CHATTERING DEMOCRATS.

To the Editor of THE SATURDAY REVIEW.

SIR,—In their ceaseless speech-making our democrats are always patting one another on the back, but the hard fact remains that, since they turned down the gentry, they have proved themselves to be fools in peace, failures in war, and soft and timid in Ireland.

I am, Sir, yours faithfully,

H. N. ROBSON.

6, Vale Road, Bournemouth.

#### FECUNDITY AND THE WAR.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

SIR,—Mr. C. F. Ryder says in his useful letter that the present war is largely due to "the incorrigible fecundity of German woman on the one hand, and, on the other, to the fact that the French view of 'Life' and the French love of thrift have combined to limit very strictly the population of France," and he then refers to the very low birth-rate of the latter. I should like to point out, however, that the fall of the birth-rate in France has not limited the population, as the following figures of the last twenty years show:

	1893-97	1898-02	1903-07	1908-12	1913
Birth-rate	22.3	21.7	20.6	19.4	19.0
Death-rate	22.1	20.7	19.6	18.6	17.7
Survival-rate	0.2	1.0	1.0	0.8	1.3

It will be seen that the population increased faster with a birth-rate of 19 per thousand than with a birth-rate of 22.3 per thousand.

I am, Sir,

Yours sincerely,

B. DUNLOP, M.B.

24, Alexandra Court,  
Queen's Gate, S.W. 7.

#### LUXURY OR SHODDY?

To the Editor of THE SATURDAY REVIEW.

SIR,—Your correspondent E. H. D. is perfectly right in saying that "the proposed luxury-tax will not only place a premium on the production of third and fourth grades of manufacture, but will effectually stamp out all existing high grades, and all initiative to produce the more expensive and more highly finished

article." He is also right in saying it has hitherto been the pride and profit of England to produce these high-grade manufactures, in contra-distinction to the cheap and nasty goods made abroad. The luxury tax will certainly be unprofitable to the Exchequer; and it will lead to degradation of the craftsman's art, and the depression of the public taste, already low enough. But what does your correspondent expect? The reign of shoddy is preparing, or, rather, is already in possession. Sham jewellery, cheap furs, standard suits, are being sold to millions of the suddenly enriched boys and girls, who have sprung up like mushrooms in the night in the rank soil of war.

The aim of democracy is to drag every body down to the lower level of the majority. This so-called luxury tax is merely a concession by a war-worn Chancellor of the Exchequer to the jealousy of democracy. Mr. Bonar Law knows well enough it will bring him in next to nothing. But it looks well, or sounds well. A luxury tax! That's something that will make the toffs pay! To democracy delicate workmanship is anathema maranatha: it means patient and conscientious application, which is treason against Trade Unionism. To democracy the refined taste, which demands and is willing to pay for the products of delicate workmanship, is something suspect, an aristocratic vice, probably connected with The Hidden Hand. This taint of vulgarity and shoddiness has overspread our books as well as our clothes and our pictures and our cookery. Having ten minutes to wait at a junction, I stood opposite a book-stall, and could find no single book, amongst rows and rows of sensational cheap novels, for which I would have given twopence. You said, Sir, last week, with profound truth, that the modern play has no relation to real life: no more has the modern novel. Wild and absurd plots, or no plot and gross sexuality, written without regard to grammar or style, such is the modern "seller" that crowds the book-stalls. And now the question has been asked, are books a luxury, and ought they to be taxed? Real books, in the proper sense of the term, are indeed a most precious luxury: but it would be idle to tax things which nobody buys. As for the things they sell as books, tax them by all means,—out of existence, if you can.

Yours truly,

CRAFTSMAN.

#### MEMORABLE WORDS.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

SIR,—Rajah Brooke, writing in 1865 of a friend engaged in a weary struggle for truth and justice against trickery, screened by all the resources of officialism, said "I do heartily wish D. success in his undertaking, but I have so much experience in governmental action that I am not sanguine. There are a thousand ways of evading a motion for redress." And in another letter on the same subject he adds: "As for the Government of this country, I have so great an experience that I never want to have anything more to do with it; I cannot value its rewards even under the fiction of being bestowed by the Sovereign. It is vanity, vexation, heartburn, and waste of life to deal with public men and it is strange that morals are so low personally amongst them."

At the present juncture of affairs we may usefully consider these words of a great and successful man of action.

Yours,

J. HARRIS STONE.

Oxford and Cambridge Club, S.W.

#### THE PRUSSIANS.

To the Editor of THE SATURDAY REVIEW.

SIR,—In reading 'The Life of Stopford Brooke,' I have been much struck by his view of the Prussians and their relations with us (See Vol. I, Chap. XIII). He admired the Prussians above all things, and took for granted their friendship with us.

And his idea was that, eventually, the despotism of the rule would be put right by the democratic element. How mistaken he was on both these points we indeed see now.

Had the Kaiser William the Second's father, lived, this would have been the case without doubt. Though a valiant warrior, he was really a man of peace; and also thought of the real welfare of his people, of Europe, and of the world.

Why was he not then preserved to us? I must say I cannot answer the question.

Does it not occur to some of our minds that it would be well if the Artillery of the Heavens were concentrated, and the dreadful Kaiser and his dreadful Band of Militarists annihilated?

Such thoughts are in my mind. I know.

Of course, we shall know the meaning of it all when God is pleased to open it out to us. In the meantime we must help ourselves in using all our efforts to bring down this monstrous Kaiser and his monstrous satellites.

I am, yours faithfully,  
(Rev) W. J. Wood.

#### AN ANTIDOTE TO DARWAZA BAND.

To the Editor of THE SATURDAY REVIEW.

SIR,—Mr. Montagu has probably returned from India with the best intentions; although there is a Portuguese proverb to the effect that "hell is paved with good intentions." On the other hand, I may truly say that India is paved with ignorance—ignorance which alone is responsible for the poverty of the people, since it is a well-known fact that what creates and maintains the industry of a country is neither capital nor labour, *but brains*. In these circumstances, an educational influence is badly wanted in the rural districts of India. But, unhappily, it is a case of *darwaza band* when the India Office is approached by me on the subject of agricultural improvements. I therefore propose that as an antidote to *darwaza band* I should be allowed to prove what can be done in the way of agricultural improvement in this country and in India, since the following extract from the *Pioneer Mail* of the 26th August, 1880, on "Agriculture in Bihar," will show the results obtained by me in intensive cultivation: "And again, in the Report now under review, the efforts of Mr. Reid, a planter, of Sadowa indigo factory, to grow improved fodder for cattle, are thus described by himself: 'For some years I have been raising turnips and mangel-wurzel from imported English seed. The average outturn of swedes per acre this year was 22 tons; of the purple-top mammoth turnip, 60 tons; of sugar-beet, 40 tons; of the yellow-globe mangel, 80 tons; and a small plot of kohl-rabi gave me a crop which averages 8 lbs. per bulb.'" These figures show that India could supply the world with sugar, and with dried fodder for cattle. Moreover, there are sixty million acres of rice-fields in India, which to my certain knowledge have never been properly cultivated. Therefore, if I have sinned in offending the India Office, I have sinned out of enthusiasm for my principles. "*Is trom an eire an t'aineolas*" (ignorance is a heavy burden) and "*Is cruaidh cuing an aineolaich*" (hard is the yoke of the ignorant) are two Gaelic proverbs which I commend to the notice of Mr. Montagu, who may be led to giving the order *darwaza band* (the door is shut) when he is approached by the panthers of Bihar on the indigo question.

I am, Sir, your obedient servant,  
DONALD NORMAN REID.

15, St. Mary's Square, Paddington, W. 2.  
30th June, 1918.

#### THE LUCK OF NAMES.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

SIR,—How extraordinary are the accidents of history by which the name of an individual, sometimes very distinguished, sometimes moderately so, and sometimes quite obscure, floats down the stream of time attached,

as often as not, to some object with which he had nothing to do! The article in the issue of 15 June informs us that the silhouette derived its name from Etienne de Silhouette, one of Louis XV.'s short-lived finance ministers. How astonished would have been Dr. Guillotin, an obscure surgeon or apothecary in the days of the first French Revolution, who constructed a model of a head-chopping machine, if he had been told by a prophet that more than a century later his name would be a household word in England in connection with a parliamentary rule for chopping off the heads of opponents in debate! General Martinet was one of the subordinate generals in Louis XIV.'s army in the seventeenth century, who first taught the French infantry systematic drill and the use of the bayonet. Sometimes the man is greater than the familiar object to which his name has been given, as in the case of the brougham, the Gladstone bag, Blucher boots, and the spencer coat. "Hobson's Choice," Addison tells us, is derived from a Cambridge horse-keeper, who made his customers take the horse nearest the door. Some of these uses of names drop out, as "peeler" for policeman, and pasquinade for a skit or lampoon.

Yours faithfully,  
B. A.

#### LIGHT OPERA.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

SIR,—While I agree with every word in your admirable article on "Camouflage and Light Opera" in your issue of June 1, I venture to point out some omissions and to make some supplementary observations. It must, I fancy, have been due to the apathy of the public that Sir Thomas Beecham no longer includes "The Fair Maid of Perth" in his repertory—a very charming and brilliant work, though the libretto is a travesty of Sir Walter Scott, and though Bizet makes no attempt at local colour. Among English composers of light opera you omit Celli and Mr. Edward German, whose "Merrie England" would act as a splendid tonic in these days. Messrs. Clutsam and Batty made a valiant attempt to treat the same theme, but failed owing to a particularly poor libretto. The "Maid of the Mountains" has proved that a good libretto allied to good music is a sure draw; and I hope that "Violette," though somewhat less ambitious, will draw, too, for it is another genuine attempt to give us a connected story set to sound English music.

This question of a libretto is of first-rate importance. One has only to read the biographies of eminent composers, like Verdi, or Nicolai, or Bizet, or Cornelius, and to study their failures when they did fail, and their success when they did succeed, to realise that the "book" of an opera is as essential to success as the music. Why does not Mr. Carnegie, or some other wealthy person interested in English music, set prize competitions not only for the music of operas but for the text as well? The two masterpieces with which Verdi crowned his glorious career were set to admirable libretti by that great master of the art whose loss Italy and the entire musical world is now mourning. The ideal thing, of course, is for a composer to write his own book; that is why the majority of Wagner's operas, and "Louise" and "Pagliacci" appeal to the cultured public of Europe and America. To return to the lighter school, would Sullivan or Offenbach have been able to achieve what they did had they required the aid of three or four gentlemen to concoct a text for them?

In conclusion, I would put in a word for "pantomimes," or wordless plays with music. The French have produced a number of beautiful works in this genre, although England knows only the "Enfant Prodiges." Two or three years ago we had an interesting importation from Italy—Monti's "Pierrot's Christmas," which failed to attract in spite of its undoubted merits. Before that, Miss Marie Tempest had commissioned Mr. Herman Finck to compose some "pantomime" music for her, and it was far and away the best work



this clever musician has ever given us: needless to say, it failed to attract our fastidious public. Sir Frederick Cowen has now collaborated with Sir Arthur Pinero; but this is a mere trifle, though a charming one. I fail to understand how it is that a public which crowds the cinemas should not, now and again, just for a change, be able to sit out a wordless play with music. Wormser's inimitable work had to be helped along, on its revival—in the early months of the War—by baits from the enterprising manager, who was compelled to offer to fetch his patrons from their homes and send them safely back by motor-car, at his own expense! As a further attraction he started a competition offering prizes to the intelligent individuals who could write out the text of the serenade sung by Pierrot to Phrynette! Great works of art like "A Little Bit of Fluff" and "Chin Chin Chow" seem to thrive without such advertising aids. I am, sir, your obedient servant,

A MERE LOVER OF MUSIC.

London.

#### HURRELL FROUDE AND 'A SPIRITUAL ÆNEID.'

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

SIR,—I am glad to welcome your writer's explanation of his use of the expression "enfant terrible" in relation to Richard Hurrell Froude in his review of 'A Spiritual Æneid.' And it is indeed gratifying to know, as I could scarcely have suspected, that he, too, is an admirer, if not a devotee, of "that bright and beautiful Froude," as he was so vividly and touchingly described by one of his lady friends upon hearing that he was not much longer for this world. So it seems that to your reviewer "enfant terrible" has quite an innocuous meaning, and perhaps it has in itself. But I hope he will pardon me if I still think that it was an ill-chosen expression to apply to Hurrell Froude on account of the peculiar association attached to it in Church circles for many years past. To Churchmen quite generally "enfant terrible" has been a contemptuous epithet in connexion with Dr. Henson, after he had become such a theological pervert and so audacious an abettor of Protestant sectarianism. It was thought to fit him *cap à pie*. I think, therefore, for this reason alone (not to press the later association of "enfant terrible" with Mr. Ronald Knox), it is discommending to the incomparable Hurrell Froude to be characterized by this objectionable epithet.

I am, sir, yours faithfully,

J. G. HALL.

Brighton.

#### CHESTERFIELD'S SPEECHES.

To the Editor of THE SATURDAY REVIEW.

SIR,—It would be interesting to know whether there is any well authenticated collection of the speeches of the great Lord Chesterfield. In Ernst's Life of him (p. 197) there is a foot note relating to his speech on the Spirituous Liquors Bill, which quotes the Parliamentary History of this debate and also Smollett and adds that there are three reports of it in the Parl. Hist. First, from the *London Magazine*, secondly, notes from the *Secker M.S.*; thirdly, from the *Gentlemen's Magazine*, compiled by Dr. Johnson. The note goes on to add that "though the sentiments and wit are no doubt Chesterfield's the speech, as a whole, is Dr. Johnson's." I have a book, anonymous, which I believe to be accurate, if not positively rare, *The Life of the late Earl of Chesterfield . . . including His Lordship's principal Speeches in Parliament . . . London, Printed by J. Berd, in Paternoster Row, M.D.CC.LXXIV.*

I am not aware from what source, or sources, the speeches in question are taken, but as certain paragraphs in the account given in this book of the speech on the Spirituous Liquors Bill are almost word for word the same as the corresponding ones in Ernst's Life, it

might be a fair inference that they are derived from the same original. Perhaps the most striking—admirable, as, judging from the accounts we have of them, several of the others are—of Chesterfield's speeches is that which seems to be given fairly fully in the anonymous work quoted above. It was delivered in 1734 on the Bill presented by the Duke of Marlborough to the House of Lords "for the better securing the constitution, by preventing the officers of the army from being deprived of their commissions otherwise than by the judgment of a Court Martial, or by address of either House of Parliament," a subject which is not altogether without interest at the present day. In spite of Walpole's remark that "Lord Chesterfield was never reckoned a capital orator (if I remember right, Bradshaw, in his edition of Lord Chesterfield's letters, quotes a very opposite opinion) nor could be so, for almost all his speeches were prepared and written and he never was eminent as a debater or in replies," it may perhaps be doubted whether there is any speaker of the present day with equal force, felicity and elegance. In 1751 Chesterfield made his speech on the Reformation of the Calendar which in spite of prejudice and opposition he managed to get carried, and in a letter to his son dated March 18 (O.S.), 1787, he gives an interesting account of the arts he used to persuade his audience. Ernst remarks that, unfortunately, there is no record of this speech.

Yours obediently,

H. G. W. H.

#### THE NEW UNIVERSITY VOTE.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

SIR,—I have been looking through the new regulations which give a considerably enlarged vote to various Universities. It requires, perhaps, more than an academic training to understand what an official draughtsman actually means. But so far as my intelligence goes, I gather that the B.A. degree is necessary for the English voter, while it is sufficient for the Irish one to hold a scholarship. The principle is well enough, since scholars may be supposed to have an aptitude for using their brains which does not belong to an equal extent to the ordinary University man. But if Irish scholars without a degree are to have a vote, why should not English have it as well? I say nothing of the Scotch, as the special treatment in their case is embodied in a reference to an Act of which I know nothing.

If I am right in my conclusions, here is another case of giving preferential treatment to Ireland at the expense of England. "Vieux jeu," the cynic will say, but is it not time to consider the result of such proceedings?

Yours faithfully,

CANTAB.

#### MR. LEVERTON HARRIS.

To the Editor of THE SATURDAY REVIEW.

SIR,—Is your statement that Mr. Harris was attacked "because his wife had acted thoughtlessly" strictly accurate?

If so, why do you go on to urge that "in asking for priority for the cables of his shipping firm, he (Mr. Harris) had no other idea than that of expediting the freight of provisions and ore to this country?"

If that were so, why did Mr. Harris not ask for the same preferential treatment for rival shipping firms?

Whether a M.P. should, or should not, expose a scandal, no matter how his knowledge is obtained, is apparently a controversial subject; so also is "decency" in politics.

Yours truly,

J. H. E. REID (Colonel).

And his idea was that, eventually, the despotism of the rule would be put right by the democratic element. How mistaken he was on both these points we indeed see now.

Had the Kaiser William the Second's father, lived, this would have been the case without doubt. Though a valiant warrior, he was really a man of peace; and also thought of the real welfare of his people, of Europe, and of the world.

Why was he not then preserved to us? I must say I cannot answer the question.

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Of course, we shall know the meaning of it all when God is pleased to open it out to us. In the meantime we must help ourselves in using all our efforts to bring down this monstrous Kaiser and his monstrous satellites.

I am, yours faithfully,

(Rev) W. J. Wood.

#### AN ANTIDOTE TO DARWAZA BAND.

To the Editor of THE SATURDAY REVIEW.

SIR,—Mr. Montagu has probably returned from India with the best intentions; although there is a Portuguese proverb to the effect that "hell is paved with good intentions." On the other hand, I may truly say that India is paved with ignorance—ignorance which alone is responsible for the poverty of the people, since it is a well-known fact that what creates and maintains the industry of a country is neither capital nor labour, *but brains*. In these circumstances, an educational influence is badly wanted in the rural districts of India. But, unhappily, it is a case of *darwaza band* when the India Office is approached by me on the subject of agricultural improvements. I therefore propose that as an antidote to *darwaza band* I should be allowed to prove what can be done in the way of agricultural improvement in this country and in India, since the following extract from the *Pioneer Mail* of the 26th August, 1880, on "Agriculture in Bihar," will show the results obtained by me in intensive cultivation: "And again, in the Report now under review, the efforts of Mr. Reid, a planter, of Sadowa indigo factory, to grow improved fodder for cattle, are thus described by himself: 'For some years I have been raising turnips and mangel-wurzel from imported English seed. The average outturn of swedes per acre this year was 22 tons; of the purple-top mammoth turnip, 60 tons; of sugar-beet, 40 tons; of the yellow-globe mangel, 80 tons; and a small plot of kohl-rabi gave me a crop which averages 8 lbs. per bulb.'" These figures show that India could supply the world with sugar, and with dried fodder for cattle. Moreover, there are sixty million acres of rice-fields in India, which to my certain knowledge have never been properly cultivated. Therefore, if I have sinned in offending the India Office, I have sinned out of enthusiasm for my principles. "*Is trom an eire an t'aineolas*" (ignorance is a heavy burden) and "*Is cruaidh cuing an aineolaich*" (hard is the yoke of the ignorant) are two Gaelic proverbs which I commend to the notice of Mr. Montagu, who may be led to giving the order *darwaza band* (the door is shut) when he is approached by the panthers of Bihar on the indigo question.

I am, Sir, your obedient servant,

DONALD NORMAN REID.

15, St. Mary's Square, Paddington, W. 2.  
30th June, 1918.

#### THE LUCK OF NAMES.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

SIR,—How extraordinary are the accidents of history by which the name of an individual, sometimes very distinguished, sometimes moderately so, and sometimes quite obscure, floats down the stream of time attached,

as often as not, to some object with which he had nothing to do! The article in the issue of 15 June informs us that the silhouette derived its name from Etienne de Silhouette, one of Louis XV.'s short-lived finance ministers. How astonished would have been Dr. Guillotin, an obscure surgeon or apothecary in the days of the first French Revolution, who constructed a model of a head-chopping machine, if he had been told by a prophet that more than a century later his name would be a household word in England in connection with a parliamentary rule for chopping off the heads of opponents in debate! General Martinet was one of the subordinate generals in Louis XIV.'s army in the seventeenth century, who first taught the French infantry systematic drill and the use of the bayonet. Sometimes the man is greater than the familiar object to which his name has been given, as in the case of the brougham, the Gladstone bag, Blucher boots, and the spencer coat. "Hobson's Choice," Addison tells us, is derived from a Cambridge horse-keeper, who made his customers take the horse nearest the door. Some of these uses of names drop out, as "peeler" for policeman, and pasquinade for a skit or lampoon.

Yours faithfully,

B. A.

#### LIGHT OPERA.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

SIR,—While I agree with every word in your admirable article on "Camouflage and Light Opera" in your issue of June 1, I venture to point out some omissions and to make some supplementary observations. It must, I fancy, have been due to the apathy of the public that Sir Thomas Beecham no longer includes "The Fair Maid of Perth" in his repertory—a very charming and brilliant work, though the libretto is a travesty of Sir Walter Scott, and though Bizet makes no attempt at local colour. Among English composers of light opera you omit Celli and Mr. Edward German, whose "Merrie England" would act as a splendid tonic in these days. Messrs. Clutsam and Batty made a valiant attempt to treat the same theme, but failed owing to a particularly poor libretto. The "Maid of the Mountains" has proved that a good libretto allied to good music is a sure draw; and I hope that "Violette," though somewhat less ambitious, will draw, too, for it is another genuine attempt to give us a connected story set to sound English music.

This question of a libretto is of first-rate importance. One has only to read the biographies of eminent composers, like Verdi, or Nicolai, or Bizet, or Cornelius, and to study their failures when they did fail, and their success when they did succeed, to realise that the "book" of an opera is as essential to success as the music. Why does not Mr. Carnegie, or some other wealthy person interested in English music, set prize competitions not only for the music of operas but for the text as well? The two masterpieces with which Verdi crowned his glorious career were set to admirable libretti by that great master of the art whose loss Italy and the entire musical world is now mourning. The ideal thing, of course, is for a composer to write his own book; that is why the majority of Wagner's operas, and "Louise" and "Pagliacci" appeal to the cultured public of Europe and America. To return to the lighter school, would Sullivan or Offenbach have been able to achieve what they did had they required the aid of three or four gentlemen to concoct a text for them?

In conclusion, I would put in a word for "pantomimes," or wordless plays with music. The French have produced a number of beautiful works in this genre, although England knows only the "Enfant Prodiges." Two or three years ago we had an interesting importation from Italy—Monti's "Pierrot's Christmas," which failed to attract in spite of its undoubted merits. Before that, Miss Marie Tempest had commissioned Mr. Herman Finck to compose some "pantomime" music for her, and it was far and away the best work



this clever musician has ever given us: needless to say, it failed to attract our fastidious public. Sir Frederick Cowen has now collaborated with Sir Arthur Pinero; but this is a mere trifle, though a charming one. I fail to understand how it is that a public which crowds the cinemas should not, now and again, just for a change, be able to sit out a wordless play with music. Wormser's inimitable work had to be helped along, on its revival—in the early months of the War—by baits from the enterprising manager, who was compelled to offer to fetch his patrons from their homes and send them safely back by motor-car, at his own expense! As a further attraction he started a competition offering prizes to the intelligent individuals who could write out the text of the serenade sung by Pierrot to Phrynette! Great works of art like "A Little Bit of Fluff" and "Chin Chin Chow" seem to thrive without such advertising aids. I am, sir, your obedient servant,

A MERE LOVER OF MUSIC.

London.

#### HURRELL FROUDE AND 'A SPIRITUAL ÆNEID.'

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

SIR,—I am glad to welcome your writer's explanation of his use of the expression "enfant terrible" in relation to Richard Hurrell Froude in his review of 'A Spiritual Æneid.' And it is indeed gratifying to know, as I could scarcely have suspected, that he, too, is an admirer, if not a devotee, of "that bright and beautiful Froude," as he was so vividly and touchingly described by one of his lady friends upon hearing that he was not much longer for this world. So it seems that to your reviewer "enfant terrible" has quite an innocuous meaning, and perhaps it has in itself. But I hope he will pardon me if I still think that it was an ill-chosen expression to apply to Hurrell Froude on account of the peculiar association attached to it in Church circles for many years past. To Churchmen quite generally "enfant terrible" has been a contemptuous epithet in connexion with Dr. Henson, after he had become such a theological perverser and so audacious an abettor of Protestant sectarianism. It was thought to fit him *cap à pie*. I think, therefore, for this reason alone (not to press the later association of "enfant terrible" with Mr. Ronald Knox), it is dishonouring to the incomparable Hurrell Froude to be characterized by this objectionable epithet.

I am, sir, yours faithfully,

J. G. HALL.

Brighton.

#### CHESTERFIELD'S SPEECHES.

To the Editor of THE SATURDAY REVIEW.

SIR,—It would be interesting to know whether there is any well authenticated collection of the speeches of the great Lord Chesterfield. In Ernst's Life of him (p. 197) there is a foot note relating to his speech on the Spirituous Liquors Bill, which quotes the Parliamentary History of this debate and also Smollett and adds that there are three reports of it in the Parl. Hist. First, from the *London Magazine*, secondly, notes from the *Secker M.S.*; thirdly, from the *Gentlemen's Magazine*, compiled by Dr. Johnson. The note goes on to add that "though the sentiments and wit are no doubt Chesterfield's the speech, as a whole, is Dr. Johnson's. I have a book, anonymous, which I believe to be scarce, if not positively rare, The Life of the late Earl of Chesterfield . . . including His Lordship's principal Speeches in Parliament . . . London, Printed for J. Berd, in Paternoster Row, M.D.CC.LXXIV.

I am not aware from what source, or sources, the speeches in question are taken, but as certain paragraphs in the account given in this book of the speech on the Spirituous Liquors Bill are almost word for word the same as the corresponding ones in Ernst's Life, it

might be a fair inference that they are derived from the same original. Perhaps the most striking—admirable, as, judging from the accounts we have of them, several of the others are—of Chesterfield's speeches is that which seems to be given fairly fully in the anonymous work quoted above. It was delivered in 1734 on the Bill presented by the Duke of Marlborough to the House of Lords "for the better securing the constitution, by preventing the officers of the army from being deprived of their commissions otherwise than by the judgment of a Court Martial, or by address of either House of Parliament," a subject which is not altogether without interest at the present day. In spite of Walpole's remark that "Lord Chesterfield was never reckoned a capital orator (if I remember right, Bradshaw, in his edition of Lord Chesterfield's letters, quotes a very opposite opinion) nor could be so, for almost all his speeches were prepared and written and he never was eminent as a debater or in replies," it may perhaps be doubted whether there is any speaker of the present day with equal force, felicity and elegance. In 1751 Chesterfield made his speech on the Reformation of the Calendar which in spite of prejudice and opposition he managed to get carried, and in a letter to his son dated March 18 (O.S.), 1787, he gives an interesting account of the arts he used to persuade his audience. Ernst remarks that, unfortunately, there is no record of this speech.

Yours obediently,

H. G. W. H.

#### THE NEW UNIVERSITY VOTE.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

SIR,—I have been looking through the new regulations which give a considerably enlarged vote to various Universities. It requires, perhaps, more than an academic training to understand what an official draughtsman actually means. But so far as my intelligence goes, I gather that the B.A. degree is necessary for the English voter, while it is sufficient for the Irish one to hold a scholarship. The principle is well enough, since scholars may be supposed to have an aptitude for using their brains which does not belong to an equal extent to the ordinary University man. But if Irish scholars without a degree are to have a vote, why should not English have it as well? I say nothing of the Scotch, as the special treatment in their case is embodied in a reference to an Act of which I know nothing.

If I am right in my conclusions, here is another case of giving preferential treatment to Ireland at the expense of England. "Vieux jeu," the cynic will say, but is it not time to consider the result of such proceedings?

Yours faithfully,

CANTAB.

#### MR. LEVERTON HARRIS.

To the Editor of THE SATURDAY REVIEW.

SIR,—Is your statement that Mr. Harris was attacked "because his wife had acted thoughtlessly" strictly accurate?

If so, why do you go on to urge that "in asking for priority for the cables of his shipping firm, he (Mr. Harris) had no other idea than that of expediting the freight of provisions and ore to this country?"

If that were so, why did Mr. Harris not ask for the same preferential treatment for rival shipping firms?

Whether a M.P. should, or should not, expose a scandal, no matter how his knowledge is obtained, is apparently a controversial subject; so also is "decency" in politics.

Yours truly,

J. H. E. REID (Colonel).

## REVIEWS.

## THE TRAGIC SPIRIT.

*Studies in Greek Tragedy.* By Louise E. Matthaei. Cambridge University Press. 9s. net.

THERE have been a host of books of recent years on the origins of tragedy from the anthropological or archaeological side, and plenty of ingenious structures built on the scanty fragments which are supposed to indicate the roots of Greek religion. But on tragedy itself, its meaning and its essence, no book of importance that we are aware of has been written, and we are still relying mainly on the concise and possibly fragmentary remarks of Aristotle in his 'Poetics.' Dr. A. C. Bradley in his admirable volume of 'Oxford Lectures on Poetry,' 1909, did something to fill this gap by his essay on 'Hegel's Theory of Tragedy,' and it is the principles there explained that Miss Matthaei works out for the 'Prometheus' of Aeschylus and three plays of Euripides, the 'Ion,' 'Hippolytus' and 'Hecuba.' These studies are excellently expressed—an ugly word like "motivated" is a rarity—and quite free from pedantry, so that they can be read by the man who has no Greek, while the scholar can verify the author's conclusions in the footnotes. The six students of Newnham who heard the lectures were fortunate, and so is the world of readers which is interested in the real purport of tragedy, ancient or modern.

The main point of Hegel's theory is that tragedy is the exhibition, not of good and evil, as a superficial view might put it, but of two goods which are both admirable in themselves. We see in conflict, for instance, the good of the community represented by law, and the good of the minority, or of one person such as Antigone, who is both right and wrong to break the public law and believe in the unwritten laws of humanity. The same conflict of interests is obvious in the 'Æneid,' where the hero, proclaimed with tedious insistence a good man, is so much the child of destiny that he has to treat Dido disgracefully.

Aeschylus and Euripides, who are otherwise widely different, join in their criticisms of superhuman powers. Both are up in arms about the shallow conventional view which tries to gloss things over and believe in gods who arrange a moral loss and profit account, when no such thing exists. Euripides in these days is no longer regarded as a botcher, making unintentional fun of divinities. He is seen as a critic who suggests that

"An honest god's the noblest work of man."

Can the gods be defied? Can they be improved by man? Is it right to make such experiments? These are the questions which the author examines and analyses in her clear and interesting studies. We are not entirely convinced as to the 'Prometheus,' in which much remains vague, since we have only hints of the rest of the trilogy. But the plays of Euripides take on a new life under Miss Matthaei's hands. She has learnt, of course, from Verrall, but she avoids that excessive ingenuity which persuades us for the moment, and leaves us little in the hours of cold reflection. The best of these studies is that of the 'Ion,' to which we add one small suggestion. Xuthus at the end is left deceived about the true circumstances of Ion's birth. This is felt to be a difficulty, and possibly due to the limitation of actors on the Greek stage. But it is to be remembered that Xuthus is a foreigner, and so more stupid than a Greek, and more easily satisfied. Confronted with a divine oracle, he is like a good Porthos in the hands of Aramis. He takes strange things as a matter of course, without asking awkward questions. The treatment of Thoas, an excellent pirate and savage, is even more unceremonious in the 'Iphigeneia in Tauris.'

Tragedy, though reducible to philosophical terms, is not a philosophical treatise, neither so clear to the expert, nor so difficult to the ordinary man. So, though the two goods, of which Hegel spoke, may be discovered, there is an atmosphere of mystery over the whole; the theme is not clear-cut; and the abiding

interest of poetry and personality should always be present. This is the failure of Ibsen's plays, which are those of a clinical specialist deep in disease. They largely miss the poetry which belongs to a great crisis, and which is raised by emotion in men and women not ordinarily poetical. The study of personality has been neglected in Greek drama, and here it would be attractive to develop some of the ideas which Miss Matthaei suggests by the way. We have always thought that Euripides, the realist of ancient Greece, is remarkable for his keen analysis of the young temperament. The self-confidence, the fine delicacy lost later in intercourse with the world, the crudity of thought, the sudden loss of control and the generosity of youth are all laid bare before us. Ion is a notable figure in this way, and so is Hippolytus. The emphasis in the play named after him on the adjective which means something like a prig has been noticed long since and is surely not an accident.

What is "an accident"? In her last chapter Miss Matthaei enters on an ingenious discussion of the question, pointing out that "the sphere of the inexpressible was narrower to the Greeks, wider to us (a curious result of our vastly greater scientific knowledge)." The point at which the long arm of coincidence might seem to be permanently rheumatic from the perpetual strain put upon it is commonly reached in the modern novel. Even in a great book like Mr. Hardy's 'Tess' we feel it unfair that, the moment the unhappy heroine lifts her head, the hammer-blow of Destiny should descend on it once more. We are no longer "swaying between a sense of mystery and a hope of illumination," which is the attitude of tragedy; we are in a world of predestination which does away with the sense of accident. But the artist needs for his effects the element of surprise which accident affords. We wish that Miss Matthaei would develop her thesis with modern instances. For tragedy is not dead, and may return one day, when managers and publishers have perceived that the public will not stand much more of its sugary dose of frivolity and pure sentiment.

## A FRENCH WAR DIARY.

*My War Diary.* By Madame Waddington. Murray. 6s. net.

IT is a strange paradox that the terrible theme which is never long absent from anyone's mind to-day, should lend itself so little to written description of the kind to awaken permanent interest. We can easily understand the eagerness with which these journal-letters bearing the news of the War from day to day must have been expected and received by friends across the Atlantic. But it is less easy for us to feel moved to a like enthusiasm by a chronicle of facts already, for the most part, painfully familiar. The book suffers also from retaining something of the slovenliness incidental to familiar correspondence. The perpetual use of initials for proper names has a tendency to irritate, and we could desire some limitation to such phrases as "so awful," "so suddenly," "what a wicked war" and the like.

Laughter is, naturally, not what we expect to find in a war book. Yet we notice one grimly humorous anecdote suggesting that the intimacy of Hohenzollern relations with the Almighty awakens no profound respect even in Germany. An Englishman visiting Potsdam one Good Friday, and surprised to see the Imperial flag lowered to half-mast, was informed by a grinning cabman that this was due to a "family bereavement." Another joke of a more practical kind refers to a Zouave boy-soldier who, being detailed to guard German prisoners, improved the occasion by cutting off the ears of six. These trophies, which he carried about with him done up in brown paper, he was desirous of exhibiting as a pleasing spectacle to philanthropic ladies in Paris. We find some difficulty in appreciating Madame Waddington's amusement at this incident—the rather that it is completely at variance with her usual humane and compassionate attitude towards the horrors of war.



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Of these she suffered her own share, and in a highly unpleasant form. Her home at Mareuil, "a peaceful, sleepy little village. . . between Meaux and Soissons," was for eight days in the possession of enemy soldiers, with such results as seem everywhere to follow a German occupation. The women who came in to clean up after they had left found a state of filth which for twenty-four hours deprived them of all appetite! Everything moveable and likely to be of use had been taken, and all the rest systematically ruined; ladies' dresses were cut in pieces and pages torn from books. This passion for wanton destruction, strikingly at variance with the national virtue of thrift, must certainly be due to a deliberate cultivation.

It is a curious sensation to traverse once more the mental conditions of a period when the War was expected to be over from day to day, when air-raids were as yet an unfamiliar menace, and when people asked, "Is Italy coming in?" and "Will America fight?" (the author of this journal for her part says, "I hope she won't."). It is curious, too, to be reminded that there was actually a time when afternoon tea without cakes represented a voluntary, not a compulsory, sacrifice, and the manufacture of socks had still for many women the charm of novelty. Englishwomen accustomed meekly to accent the reproach of inferiority in this respect to their French sisters will be gratified to learn that in Madame Waddington's experience as an organiser of war-work knitting was by no means a universal accomplishment.

The diary is brought down to June, 1917, and faithfully reflects the fluctuating emotions which for us all have marked the course of three years unparalleled in the world's history.

#### DIPLOMATIC DETECTIVES.

**Lady Eleanor, Private Simmonds and Others.** By Lord Frederic Hamilton. Hurst and Blackett. 6s. net.

**The Red Passport.** By Sir John Foster Fraser. Chapman and Hall. 6s. net.

LOVE and the war both find a place in 'Lady Eleanor, Private Simmonds and Others.' Ulster is the scene of the story, and its theme the running to earth of a spy in German pay, by Captain Woodhurst of the Secret Service, his indefatigable little orderly Simmonds, and his indomitable and charming old hostess, Lady Eleanor Buchanan. The character of Simmonds—half gipsy, half cockney—learned in the lore of wood and field as well as of the human heart, is the feature of the book. A pleasant love-story runs through it, and it reveals a good deal of shrewd knowledge of Ulster and the world. The profits from its sale are to go to the "Harrow School War Memorial Fund," and we wish it well.

More Secret Service stories meet us in 'The Red Passport,' this time told by the Hon. Hubert Gresham, King's Messenger. We own that the Hon. Hubert strikes us as being rather too simple for his job! But perhaps this was his advantage in the eyes of a wise service, which certainly used him to excellent purpose! In any case the author has given us a very readable book.

**Industrial Justice through Banking Reform.** By Henry Meulen. R. J. James. 6s. net.

THE war has toppled over so many theories in Political Economy that it is necessary for the thinking part of the population to take stock of their previous knowledge of the subject, and in particular, to get to know as much as they can about the views and opinions of economists who have been watching currency questions in recent years. It was therefore with a feeling of pleasurable anticipation that we picked up Mr. Meulen's book, and up to a point we have been well pleased. Mr. Meulen says that the book was completed before the outbreak of war. Consequently it is not quite up to date. We are glad to see, however, that he gives a great deal of information about the

discussions on currency which raged during the period between the Bank Restriction Act of 1797 and the Bank Act of 1844. Two generations of unruffled calm in currency questions have led business men in this country to forget the immense importance with which the currency question was regarded by their grandfathers. Records of the controversy centring on the Bank of England note, currency and gold supply now placed before us in this book, give much enlightenment about the working of Peel's Act of 1844. It is put in condensed form and placed at the service of those who have, like ourselves, followed and supported the efforts of the Norwich Chamber of Commerce last year to obtain a Government investigation as to the working of the Bank Act of 1844, and, if possible, to get it amended on the lines roughly laid down in the now famous Norwich Scheme. We cannot say that we agree with all the views expressed by Mr. Meulen, but at any rate, he is fair and just in the expression of them. His book tends to show that the Bank Act of 1844 has rendered the credit system of this country dependent upon the fluctuations of the home and foreign demand for gold. The result of this has been that the Bank of England has not been able to give as much support to British manufacturers as could be wished, and this is the contention put forward by present-day critics of the Bank of England. The study of the book should be useful to Chambers of Commerce now engaged upon the consideration of the shortcomings of the Bank Act of 1844, who will, it is to be supposed, regard the matter, and quite rightly, from the point of view of provincial manufacturers. This point of view will not commend itself to persons connected with parasitic trades such as Stockbroking or Stockjobbing or Merchanting, or other trades where money is made by commissions or financing, rather than in basic industry. There is one fault in the book, however, which writers seem unable to avoid when dealing with Science and Economics. They will persist in writing involved and unintelligible language, using a jargon of their own. They employ formulae which an ordinary intelligent reader is frequently powerless to unravel. This method of writing causes many to avoid buying or even reading books on learned subjects. Had Mr. Meulen handed over his manuscript to, let us say, a young barrister, who had no great acquaintance with Economics, and asked him to get at the meaning and put it into lucid language, the book would have been a more valuable instrument of education and information than it is. We wish we could impress upon writers of learned books the fact that in this busy world even serious students have not the time to read a book if the author does not go to the trouble of using clear language. Moreover, it is discourtesy on the part of the author not to show consideration for his reader's convenience. There ought to be a school at every University where learned persons could learn how to impart their knowledge to others by means of the vehicle of easy, lucid prose. Few schoolmasters can teach; fewer scientific experts can write.

#### THE MEGALITHIC CULTURE OF INDONESIA.

By W. J. Perry. Manchester University Press. 12s. 6d. net.

EVEN that many-sided person the "general reader" may be puzzled by the title of this book. He will be apt to ask both "where is Indonesia?" and, "what is a megalithic culture?" To both these questions a plain answer is not immediately forthcoming.

At the south-east corner of Asia there is an important cluster of islands, including Sumatra, Java, Borneo, Celebes, the Moluccas and the Philippines. From a scientific point of view it is of interest in a variety of ways. Geologically, it is the remnant of a foundered portion of the continent. Biologically, it is the meeting point of disparate faunas and floras. Ethnologically it is the Asiatic Eastward Ho! The archipelago has been designated by all sorts of unsatisfactory adjectives—East Indian, Indo-Chinese, Malayan, even Dutch. For the purposes of human geography, however, it is

simplest to call it Indonesia—a term that has the advantage of being consonant with the other recognized divisions of Oceania, that is to say, Micronesia, Melanesia, and Polynesia. But classification by regions is ever at loggerheads with classification by races or by languages. Thus it sometimes happens that the word Indonesian is used to mark off a physical type, namely, a long-headed strain in the population of this part of the world. Or, again, it sometimes stands for a linguistic type or rather sub-type; in other words, for a group of dialects, characteristic of the archipelago, but by no means confined to it, which is supposed to belong to a wider group, the so-called Austric family of speech. Meanwhile, Mr. Perry employs the term in none of these senses, but to suit the convenience of his particular argument, makes Indonesia extend as far as Assam to the north-west and Formosa to the north-east, though he excludes most of the continental area contained between these extreme points. There is, indeed, no need to quarrel with him over a question of words. It is well to note, however, that on the one hand he strays far beyond the confines of Indonesia proper; while on the other hand, he offers an incomplete survey of the archipelago itself, confining his attention to the more savage parts.

Megaliths are rude stone monuments of the types made classical by Fergusson's well-known treatise. If it be assumed, as it may with some reason, that, wherever such remains occur—from Ireland right across to Japan, and probably further, to Easter Island or even to Peru—they are the outcome of a single "culture," or system of civilizing influences, we are faced with a very pretty problem, namely, that of plotting-out the track of the megalith-building custom round the globe, and of thereupon assigning it to its original centre of diffusion. Mr. Perry has for some time been working in association with Professor Elliot Smith, whose sweeping theory that ancient Egypt is responsible for most of the civilization, and even for most of the higher savagery, in the world, would greatly simplify the history of culture, were it only possible to prove it true. Such a proof, however, is not to be built up in a day, and must involve laborious testing of the evidence taken region by region. A departmental study of this kind has been initiated by Dr. Rivers in regard to Melanesia and Polynesia, and he has made out a fairly plausible case for a movement of culture, involving the megalithic custom, that proceeded across the Pacific from somewhere further west, presumably from Indonesia. Hence the interest of Mr. Perry's present work to the ethnologist. Does the Indonesian region supply the needed link in the casual chain? For it is at least possible that the main stream of influence flowed downwards from Japan by way of Micronesia.

Though the layman may be disappointed at the necessarily tentative and partial nature of the solution offered, Mr. Perry's careful work and temperate conclusion will appeal to special students of the subject, whose feelings have of late been somewhat ruffled by certain manifestations of megalithomania in other quarters. He is content to try to establish a connection between megalithic monuments, other kinds of stonework, methods of irrigation, special belief, special forms of social organization, and so on, in the hope of establishing the likelihood that they entered Indonesia together as constituent elements of one and the same immigrant culture. The trouble is that many other cultural waves have, in historic times, swept over the ground, so that the various sedimentary deposits cannot but be considerably mixed. On the other hand, islands,

owing to their relative isolation, are especially apt to preserve the traces of particular influences; though for precisely the same reason degeneration is here most likely to play havoc with the survival. The experiment, then, of applying a stratigraphical method to the culture of this region was well worth making, and Mr. Perry is to be congratulated on having made so good a start. He would doubtless be the first to deprecate a dogmatic interpretation of the results of such a preliminary survey. What is now needed is an intensive study made on the spot. Possibly, in happier times to come, Mr. Perry himself might be induced to undertake so promising a search.

#### Municipal Government in Ireland: Mediaeval and Modern. By John J. Webb. Fisher Unwin. 5s. net.

WE are glad to welcome this book, written by the Dublin Corporation Lecturer in Municipal History, as an evidence that the newer universities of Ireland feel the responsibility laid on them, of contributing to the study of Irish history, which has been, up to now, left to private enterprise. We should have been still more glad if we could have unreservedly commended it on its own merits, of which it has not a few. As an account of existing systems and of those immediately preceding them it is of great interest, while its story of the origin of municipal institutions is a quite careful essay founded on the writers of the early nineteenth century. What we miss in it is the distinctive note of University teaching, the co-ordinating power. The history of Irish towns cannot be understood or taught, or learned except in conjunction with that of English and French municipalities: there is no Sinn Fein in learning.

As an example, the name of Bristol is only mentioned incidentally once in the book, on p. 50. Yet the truth is that as a municipality Dublin is a daughter city of Bristol, that her civic government, rights and immunities are hers because Bristol had them, that when Bristol obtained new grants, Dublin followed in her wake. And not only Dublin, but Cork, Waterford, Limerick, Galway, and Rathcoole, all have the privileges and immunities of Bristol, and disputes as to their customs could be finally settled only by the custom of Bristol. Nor is this all: a large number of early municipalities in Ireland are daughters of a little French town, Breteuil, and their charters give them the privileges of the burgesses of Breteuil against their lords. Yet there is no mention of Breteuil in the book. It would seem as if Mr. Webb were either ignorant of, or determined to ignore, the work of Miss Bateson and Mr. Ballard on British Borough Customs and Charters.

Again, if this book is meant for elementary students, terms are used which require careful explanation. The author speaks, for example, of "trial by jury" in the hundred courts, where compurgation is meant. He talks of a certain custom called the coket, which is the oldest custom levied. He quotes (from Lynch, 1830) a statement that the aid of 1205 was levied by a Parliament or Public Council. As a matter of fact there is not the slightest trace of any assembly to grant this aid; the probability being that the various bodies were dealt with separately and personally by the King's Commissioners—an abuse which was sought to be remedied by Magna Carta in 1215. There is not the slightest evidence that "Citizens and burgesses were summoned to the Parliaments or Public Councils held in Ireland in the years 1204 and 1254" (p. 71).

Thus the author's refusal, deliberate or otherwise,

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to recognize the fact that the English system was planted down in Ireland at the end of the twelfth century with manors, burghs, vills, counties, liberties, hundred courts, and so on as a going concern, and that as civic freedom grew in England it was automatically copied in Ireland, until the period of the Wars of the Roses; that the abuses of civic life in Ireland were of the same order as those in the England of the time; that though England did not have such a large number of Roman Catholics excluded from public life as Ireland, it had a minority of Nonconformists who suffered substantial disabilities; in fine, that the municipal history of England and Ireland ran the same course until the Municipal Corporation Acts was passed; this refusal vitiates the whole book and reduces it to the level of a partisan tract. We do not believe that this was Mr. Webb's intention: it is the result of the low standard of scholarship which has been fostered by the deliberate abstention of Trinity College from every form of mediæval Irish study. We sincerely hope that the National University of Ireland will shake itself free from the sectional groove in which it finds itself under present conditions and let us have at last an Irish history freed from sentimental clap-trap, or foolish partisanship.

### ONCE A MONTH.

The Nineteenth Century this month is well varied and affords a welcome relief from endless political discussion. Mr. J. Ellis Barker, with a formidable array of figures, writes on 'Britain's True Wealth and the Unimportance of the War Debt.' Sir H. H. Johnston's article on 'Africa and South America' is concerned with the geological links between the two. Mr. W. S. Lilly re-tells in simple language the story of three plays of Sophocles. This is a good idea, and we hope he will complete his work by adding the other plays of the great Athenian artist. Some of his authorities are out of date. Sir Oliver Lodge has an excellent article on 'University Development and a New Degree.' The degree is to belong to graduate workers who go in for research. What Sir Oliver says about the scanty rewards of higher learning is eminently true. Mr. F. D. Harford has a good subject in 'Old Caravan Roads and Overland Routes in

Syria, Arabia, and Mesopotamia,' while Mr. Balfour Browne deals with the misuse of transport facilities in this country to-day. Mr. A. P. Sinnett, in 'Creeds more or less Credible,' includes some conjecures of his own which leave us frankly incredulous.

In the Fortnightly Review Mr. Frederic Harrison continues his 'Obiter Scripta,' praising the account of Frederick the Great by his Reader, Henri de Catt, which we noticed three years ago. He has also a note on Lord Rosebery's 'Pitt.' He wonders why there are no long poems nowadays. The answer is that people would not have the patience to read them, any more than long sentences. Mr. Harrison has calculated the average age of our English lyric poets, which he makes out to be 52. If they live longer, they seldom, we remark, produce good lyrics, which do not belong to the later years of life. Dr. David Jayne Hill considers the Kaiser's character, Mr. Charles Dawbarn that of General Foch, and Sir James Crichton-Browne that of Patrick Branwell Brontë. The last named may be cleared of some undue reproaches, but we cannot really regard him as at all equal to his sisters, or as possessing many fine qualities. Mr. St. John Ervine thinks Mr. Galsworthy too sentimental in his later plays. Dr. E. J. Dillon, in 'The War Mirage,' discourses once again on the unsatisfactory qualities of our rulers, their ignorance and their way of doing nothing to dispel it.

In the Cornhill Mrs. Humphry Ward's Recollections this month begin with the story of a First Folio of Shakespeare belonging to Gondomar, with copious notes, which was seen in a Spanish Library and destroyed before its value was discovered. The writer gives us some pleasant impressions of Italy and of Stopford Brooke, and an account of Gladstone's funeral in the Abbey. We also hear of Henry James performing the feat of rendering 'McAndrew's Hymn' into vigorous, idiomatic French! Mr. Boyd Cable has a capital story of airmen delaying German progress, and Miss Edith Sellers a striking account of teaching and the training of servants carried out in spite of all difficulties "within a day's journey of Bukharest." Mr. Walter Frith has a curious story of a grandfather's vendetta taken up by a young Australian, and Mr. Julian Huxley a picturesque account of the new University raised at Houston, Texas, by the benefaction of a resident miser and millionaire. Mr. Huxley writes well, but he overdoes the omission of the little words "the" and "a."

Blackwood continues the two excellent narratives of adventures in German captivity. Mr. Traves only got away after several months from the German raider *Wolf*, and then at the eleventh hour, when he and the other captives were just going to be confined in Germany. Mr. Ellison tells of a spirited escape from the Stadt Vogtei prison in Berlin which failed after he had run many

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risks with impunity. Zeres has a capital story of police work in northern India, and Bartimeus has a lively and humorous account of his early days on the *Britannia*. Mr. Storer Clouston keeps up the mystery well in his story of 'The Man from the Clouds.' We do not like Klaxon's verse so well as his prose. He is, however, so clever that he can easily improve.

### OUR LIBRARY TABLE.

To send out a book to the world under the title of 'Despised and Rejected' (Daniel, 5s. net), as Miss A. T. Fitzroy does, is to try it very high, if it is to live up to its name. It is the story of a homosexual conscientious objector, who is represented as a musician of genius, and of his circle of friends, including a young lady who falls in love with him. The treatment of sexual matters is strictly decorous and there is nothing to attract the reader in search of sensational fiction, which is just as well, for the author's standpoint is pitifully repellent. Her defence of homosexual feelings is based on misunderstanding of Edward Carpenter, and the mental tortures of her hero, if they are studied from life, suggest that the unfortunate youth has become a monomaniac on the subject, and that he was a good deal less abnormal than he imagined. The work shows power of observation and description, and the "facts" narrated of our soldiers in Flanders and our "conchie" in prison considerable imagination. With experience, and more love and respect for ordinary people the author may do well.

'Heart of Ice,' by Fergus Hume (Hurst & Blackett, 6s. net), is the story of Mercedes Easton, a dancer with the heart of the title, who influences her various lovers for what she considers their good, running no little risks of misconception or worse in the attempt. She finally reaches love and safety in the arms of Colonel Erskine, the Sir Galahad of her youthful imagination. As will be seen, the author has abandoned his connection with detective stories in favour of the intrigues of goodness, but novel-readers will find an amply satisfying series of sensations in the book.

'Tainted Gold,' by Paul Trent (Ward, Lock, 5s. net), tells how the love of Garth Dunston and Nalda Gretton was endangered by the machinations of a wicked millionaire, and the discovery that the elder Mr. Dunston was identical with Jasper Bossoll, the moneylender whom Nalda's father had cursed with his dying breath. Garth abandons his lover and the tainted gold, and is plunged into difficulties and doubts. We have the unusual feature of a moneylender who enlists the reader's sympathy, in addition to the usual machinery of the novel.

'The Telephone Girl,' by Alice and Claude Askew (Ward, Lock, 5s. net), is the story of Peggy Ryley, a girl brought up in a Shepherd's Bush slum, who is beloved by Owen Hughes, the heir presumptive to Lord Caversham. They are parted by his relatives, and then it turns out that Lord Caversham and his brother are illegitimate and that Peggy is the daughter of Lord Caversham. Owen and Peggy marry, a missing marriage certificate turns up, and Owen becomes Lord Caversham.

'Those Folk of Bulboro,' by Edgar Wallace (Ward, Lock, 5s. net), tells how Anthony Manton, a surgeon and scientific investigator of international fame came to settle down as a general practitioner in Bulboro'. He makes the acquaintance of the heroine, Geraldine Brand, under somewhat discouraging auspices, but as the story develops in the author's skilful hands, they come together, and the last chapter leaves us with every prospect of wedding bells.

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## THE CITY.

Among railway stockholders there is a growing conviction that the lines will never revert to the companies after the war. The present Government control will continue until demobilisation of the Army has been completed and meanwhile opinion and policy are moving definitely toward nationalisation. One Stock Exchange jobber of long experience has been heard to express belief that some of the recent buying of Home railway securities has been by people who think they have a shrewd idea of the basis on which State purchase will eventually be effected; but that seems to be a feat of rather elastic imagination. The immediate cause of the recent demand is the near approach of half yearly dividends, while in regard to South Eastern Deferred and Chatham, Kent coal and the Channel tunnel are magic words which create speculative interest, though, if State control is to be succeeded by State purchase, the present stockholders are hardly likely to derive direct benefit from either of those developments.

In the United States, Government control of railroads has brought about such rapid and important changes that Washington and Wall Street are inclined to believe government ownership of the entire system will become inevitable. If the war lasts many months the "land marks" of the companies will be obliterated by the operation of the lines as one huge system which causes physical amalgamation of lines hitherto compulsorily competitive under Anti-Trust Law (such is the statement of some railroad experts) and Mr. MacAdoo (Controller of Railroads) will be in a position to meet all critics of Government ownership with the late J. P. Morgan's reply to assailants of the Steel Trust: "How can you unscramble an omelet?"

Readers who have purchased Burmah Oil shares on the recommendations that have appeared in this column have reason to be well satisfied. The company made a profit in 1917 of £2,776,968—nearly a million more than in 1916 and twice as much as in 1915. The dividend is increased from 30 per cent. to 32½ per cent., free of income tax, and the board have decided to take £952,500 from reserves and distribute it in shares—one ordinary share in respect to every two held, or a bonus of 50 per cent. The only fly in the amber is the fact that while shareholders receive £619,125 in dividends for 1917 the Treasury takes about £1,250,000 in excess profits duty alone. The capitalisation of reserves will increase the issued ordinary capital from £1,905,000 to £2,857,500, and this involves a reduction in the rate of dividend for the current year, although the board may decide to distribute a larger sum; but if profits are maintained after the excess duty is ultimately removed, it is quite clear that even bigger plums in dividends will be available.

An interesting suggestion was made by Mr. Lawson Johnstone, at the meeting of the Argentine Estates of Bovril, in regard to last year's loan of £40,000,000 to the Allies in connection with their purchase of Argentine wheat. He advocates that Argentina should sell her crops this year in advance of growing them, that the Allies should borrow £60,000,000 to £80,000,000 to be spent on Argentine produce and—here is the crux of the scheme—the loans should be repaid after the war over a series of years in manufactured products which the Allies produce and the Republic requires, the intention being to forestall the German commercial ambassadors in Argentina who will be "on the road" for orders as soon as the seas are open to them, if not before. The scheme involves technical difficulties, but the idea of ensuring reciprocal trade—in effect paying for agricul-

tural produce by means of manufactured articles over a series of years—is worthy of careful consideration when loan terms are being arranged.

After having informed stockholders that the delay in announcing an interim dividend was due to the tardiness of the Treasury in replying to an appeal for permission to issue fresh capital, the board of the United Railways of the Havana have now declared a cash distribution of 2 per cent. They do not state whether Treasury sanction to an issue of capital has been granted, although they implied that a cash payment depended upon such permission being given. It is rather significant that in the fortnight elapsing between the explanation of the delay and the declaration of the dividend the stock rose steadily on well-informed buying, which suggests that somebody knew what was going to be done.

While permitting the issue of bonus shares by the General Electric Co., and an early issue of £1,000,000 of new capital the Treasury refuse to allow the £10 shares to be divided into the denomination of £1. Presumably this means that the Treasury does not desire to render shares "more marketable"—that is to say, more accessible to investors—at a time when all available money should be devoted to War Bonds. In point of fact, the issue of bonus shares serves to make them more marketable by reducing the quotation by say 25 per cent. or 33 per cent., but that is not quite so effective as dividing the quotation by ten, and hence in this case there is some reason in the Treasury's apparent inconsistency.

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## MOTOR NOTES.

THE gentleman who complained that England had fifty religions and only one sauce touched upon a national characteristic of considerable importance. Truly we are a nation of dissenters and we carry our repugnance to uniformity into the oddest places. Take pneumatic tyres, for instance. They are as necessary to the motor as virtue is to happiness, and, unlike virtue, well-nigh universal. Yet they have no established order. They gather themselves up into little groups and esoteric communities with as much fanaticism and attack one another with almost as much fierceness as the theologians.

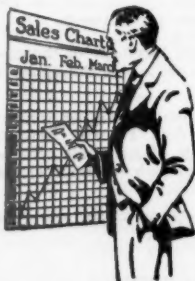
This is the more absurd because tyres are obviously the most vulnerable parts of the car. Even the most careful driver cannot avoid the upturned flint or the cast horse shoe with projecting nail, which sooner or later awaits him. Punctures are proverbially frequent and other accidents of the tyre are not unknown. The standardisation of tyre measurements and of all the accessories of the tyre should therefore be an ideal, and any movement in that direction is to be welcomed. One very important item in such a programme of standardisation will naturally concern itself with valves. To have the screw threads for tyre valves of twenty divers sizes from twenty different makers is surely a policy which savours of Bedlam. There is no need for such diversity of pattern, and the very sensible suggestion has now been put forward that tyre valves should in future conform to the American standard size or what is known as the Whitworth thread. Much annoyance and delay in replacing damaged valves will thereby be saved to the motorist. As nearly the whole of the imported tyre fittings, during the war, have been American, including valves with the standard American thread, it is only a question of bringing the British makes into line, a consummation devoutly to be wished, for itself alone, and certainly not disadvantageous to home manufacturers.

## Who Pays for the Road?

A question of more than ordinary interest to all motorists is in process of being decided in the courts this week. It seems that the Urban District Council of Weston-super-Mare, having discovered sundry rents, tears and fissures upon the surface of their beloved roads proceeded to mend the same with due care and diligence. They then presented a little bill for some hundreds of pounds to a local firm of motor haulage contractors, alleging that the said firm did use their lord and master the Road most spitefully, putting upon his back many tons weight of limestone, coal and other matters in motor lorries, great earth-shaking monsters such as no ancient and self-respecting highway could support. The motor men on the other hand roundly assert that the road should be made to fit the traffic and not the traffic to suit the road. It is a very pretty quarrel which Mr. Justice Eve will have to decide, and his decision may well have far-reaching effects. Our own view is that one of these fine days liability for upkeep of roads will be removed from parochial hands and fall upon the broad shoulders of the State, or at any rate upon some body possessing taxing powers over a sufficiently large area to take a broad view of national requirements. Perhaps in that federalised State which Mr. Lloyd George has recently blessed, in theory, we shall see local parliaments dealing in a more intelligent and enterprising fashion than the present authorities with the innumerable problems which affect the road. Everybody has rights in the King's Highway, and it is admittedly difficult to please everybody. The motorist does not want to monopolise the road, but he does want people to recognise that this is not the age of Chaucer, nor of the pack-horse, the mule waggon or even the stage coach.

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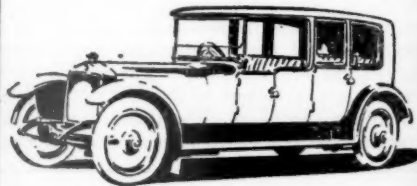
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### CONTINUED GROWTH OF THE BUSINESS.

THE EIGHTEENTH ORDINARY GENERAL MEETING of this company was held on July 2nd at the Cannon Street Hotel, E.C.

Mr. Godfrey C. Isaacs (managing director), who presided, said he had hoped that their illustrious chairman, Senatore Marconi, who arrived in London on Sunday night, would have been able to take the chair. He had come here at the head of the Italian mission for the International Commercial Conference, and as his duties commenced that day and would detain him during the whole of this week, he asked to be excused from attending the meeting. In the course of his speech the Chairman, dealing first with the accounts, said: Our cash resources, both in regard to cash at bankers and investments in War Loans and in short loans against securities, together at the end of the year amounted to some £410,000, as compared with £75,000 at the end of 1916, this increase being accounted for by the new capital and by the accumulation of profits. The receipts from ships' telegrams, subsidies, etc., has increased from £270,000 to £470,000, and the profit carried to balance-sheet amounts to £192,000, as compared to £96,000 in the preceding year. I should point out to you here that the increase in the profit is due entirely to increase in the volume of the business.

In the appropriation account there figures the 5 per cent. interim dividend declared at the end of last year and paid on February 1, and we propose to declare a further dividend of 10 per cent., which will absorb £60,000. We are placing £50,000 to reserve for obsolescence of plant—a course which we think necessary, for when this war is over we shall require to replace a great many of our ship stations by stations of new design, which it has been impossible for us to do during the war, and which, in fact, we cannot attempt even now, for the urgent need of equipping ships with wireless installation is so great that we must continue to manufacture as fast as we can of the design with which those employed in the work of manufacture are used, and therefore can most quickly produce. We have good reason to believe that due and proper consideration will be given to this question in dealing with the question of excess profits. We propose to carry forward £105,417 19s. subject to excess profits duty for the years 1916 and 1917 when these amounts are finally agreed.

### PROVISION OF NEW CAPITAL.

It became necessary for us, in order to meet the obligations which we had undertaken with the Board of Trade to provide for installations on board a large number of additional vessels, to increase the capital of the company to £800,000. This increase took place towards the end of the year, and therefore for the year under review we had practically no benefit from this new capital; but we are nevertheless paying the dividend upon the increased amount of £800,000 instead of £350,000, the amount of the capital in the previous year. The whole of the new issue was taken up by shareholders; in fact, it was considerably over-subscribed, and I think they have every reason to congratulate themselves that they availed themselves of our offer. Not only will they have received, if shareholders endorse the directors' recommendation this afternoon, a dividend of 15 per cent. upon the shares for which they subscribed late in the year, but they have, I think, a very sound and improving security with the very substantial profit of about 20s. per share attached to their investment.

By the end of the year the total number of public telegraph stations owned and worked by the company on the high seas had increased from 1,472 at the end of December, 1916, to 2,265 after deducting the number of installations on ships which lost during the year. To the end of June, after making a similar deduction for ships lost during this year, the total number installed, and so far as we know plying the seas, was 2,446, showing a further substantial increase for the first six months of this year. At the end of 1916 our total rentals were at the rate of £352,000 per annum; at the end of 1917 this figure had increased to £570,000 per annum; and at June 30th of this year they amount to £703,374 per annum.

### INESTIMABLE VALUE OF "WIRELESS."

It must be a matter of considerable satisfaction to those shareholders who originally invested their money in this company, to the directors who were associated with it many years before I became connected with it, and particularly to our illustrious chairman, Senatore Marconi, to see not only the great and successful development of the company's business, but also the immense service which the company, through its world-wide organisation, has been able to render in these anxious and perilous years to the Empire, the Allies, and the peoples of every neutral nation. It is impossible to estimate how many tens or hundreds of thousands of lives have been saved or safeguarded, and it is difficult to say even approximately how many millions in pounds sterling of invaluable material and food supplies have been saved and brought to our shores.

Primarily, of course, we owe our thanks to our admirable Fleet, but the fleet behind the Fleet (as the mercantile marine has been so aptly termed) has also played a great part to which this company, its vast organisation, and its splendid staff of wireless operators has very largely contributed. Yet it is but comparatively few years ago—not more than ten—that the company was installing ships with wireless stations free of cost in order to demonstrate that a wireless station on board ship could really serve a valuable and useful purpose, and over £100,000 of shareholders' money was expended to convince the public of the great and valuable thing Senatore Marconi, through this company, was offering to them.

The report and accounts were unanimously adopted.

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